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The CHILDREN'S DIGEST

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THE CHILDREN'S DIGEST, it is believed, is the only magazine to be printed on what is known as "eye-ease" tinted paper. Scientific tests have proved that this light green paper is easier on the eyes than is white paper or any other tinted paper. The Century Schoolbook type used in this magazine has also been most carefully chosen for its readability.

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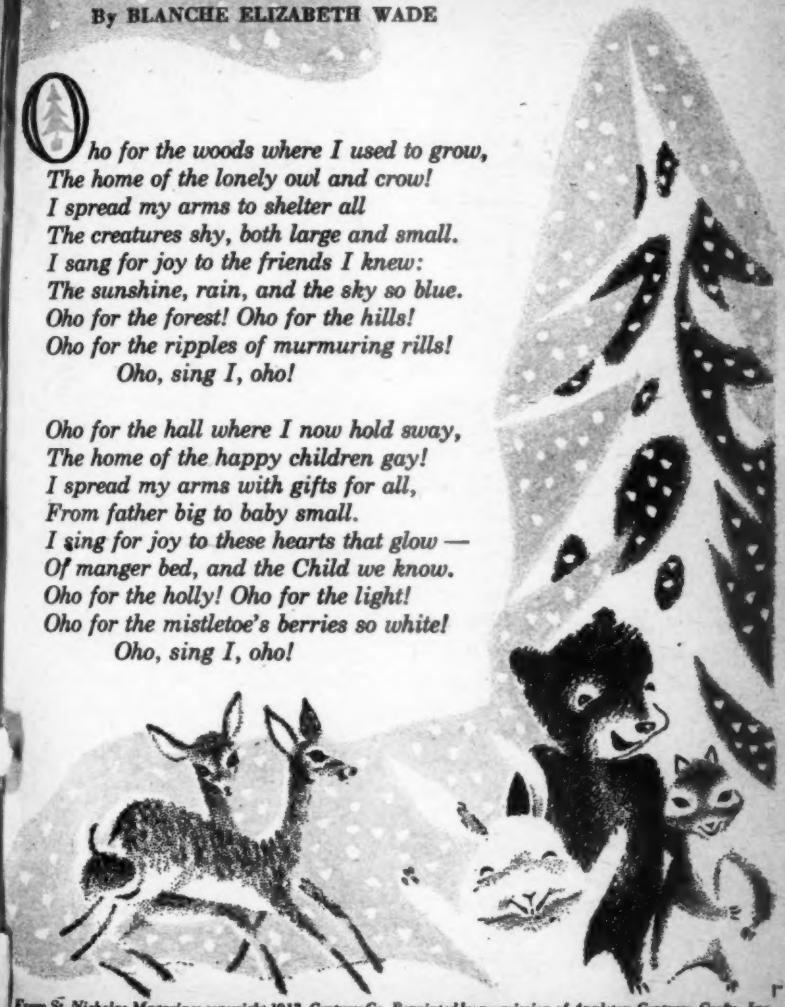
The Song of the Christmas Tree

By BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE

Oho for the woods where I used to grow,
The home of the lonely owl and crow!
I spread my arms to shelter all
The creatures shy, both large and small.
I sang for joy to the friends I knew:
The sunshine, rain, and the sky so blue.
Oho for the forest! Oho for the hills!
Oho for the ripples of murmuring rills!
Oho, sing I, oho!

Oho for the hall where I now hold sway,
The home of the happy children gay!
I spread my arms with gifts for all,
From father big to baby small.
I sing for joy to these hearts that glow —
Of manger bed, and the Child we know.
Oho for the holly! Oho for the light!
Oho for the mistletoe's berries so white!
Oho, sing I, oho!



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Gissing was too young to know anything about Christmas; so he called Santa Claus on the magic telephone

Gissing an the

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Christopher Morley is a distinguished American writer. This story is from "I Know a Secret," copyright 1927 by Christopher Morley. Published by J. B. Lippincott

IN the house where Gissing lived there was a speaking tube in the hall upstairs. The speaking tube was a great joy. When the children blew in it made a loud whistling squeak down in the kitchen. Done suddenly, it often startled cooks and cats half out of their wits. It sounded like the squeak of a mouse as big as a police dog. But like many amusing jokes this got overdone. And so, to prevent the speaking tube becoming a nuisance, it was agreed that it was a private magic telephone to Santa Claus, and must not be used except in the week before Christmas. Santa Claus, like everyone else, does not care to be bothered with unnecessary telephone calls. Like many other wise people he does not allow his number to be listed in the book, and only tells it to his intimate friends.

But, of course, in the week

the Telephone

before Christmas everyone is so busy that a little extra squeaking in the kitchen does not matter.

Now Gissing, arriving in the house as a very small puppy, heard so much about this Santa Claus telephone that he really believed it. He heard the children making their plans, and writing out lists, and then blowing in the mouthpiece until it squawked, and announcing down the tube their desires for Christmas. He wished very much that he, too, could telephone to Santa Claus and tell what he wanted. But he felt bashful about doing it, and a little ashamed because he did not understand very well just what Christmas was. He heard all the children talking about it, and he tried to pick up some information by listening, but he did not learn anything definite. You know how it is: when everyone else seems to know something that you yourself don't understand, you don't like to admit your ignorance. You listen carefully, hoping you'll overhear some remark that will explain what it's all about.

Gissing spoke in a casual way to the others, hoping to lead them into saying something that would help him to know what was going to happen. He would say, "Christmas will be fun, won't it!" or some such innocent thing. But their replies, though enthusiastic, did not help much. In his heart he was lonely because he felt there was some great secret that they knew and he didn't. "Oh, I wish someone would tell me what Christmas is," he said to himself. "Is it something to eat? Is it something to wear? Is it a game? Is it a person? And who is this mysterious Santa Claus?"

One day so much happened that Gissing felt more sure than ever that Christmas was going

to be something very important. It was even a little frightening. From early morning the house was full of movement and hullabaloo. Tin horns were blown, there was a crackling of paper parcels being unwrapped, and the living room was so crowded with children playing with new toys that he retired under the dining-room table. Even there he was not safe, for by chance he squatted on the electric bell, and after many visits made to the front door he was found and moved off. There were smells of balsam and evergreen, and whiff of brandy from the kitche Most alarming of all, the puddi caught fire and was carried blazing. It was all very puzzli to a puppy, and Gissing l under the couch feeling wistfu Everyone seemed too occupi to play with him, and he bega to think that it was all becau he had never talked into th magic telephone.

After supper things quiet down a bit. The children were g to bed early. The grown-up exhausted by picking up so muc

Before going to bed Gissing had hung up his largest stocking, just as he was told

aper and string, sat down to rest. Gissing saw his chance. With great labor he pulled his toy box into the upstairs hall and stood on it so he could reach the speaking tube. He blew into it, and heard it squeal at the other end. Then he said, just as he had heard the children do, "Give me North Pole 1." To his great surprise he heard a deep voice coming back to him through the tube. "Santa Claus speaking," it said.

Santa Claus had had a long day. He had just got home, very tired after delivering toys all over the world. He was so tired that even before putting away the sleigh and the reindeer he had come into his house to sit down for a few moments and smoke a pipe. Everything was ready for a quiet evening. His slippers were warming in front of the fire; on the mantel a thermos jug of hot cocoa was waiting for him. He had left the door open to remind himself that he still had to go out and stable his reindeer for the night.

Santa was a little annoyed when the telephone rang. He believed that he had earned his ease. He was intending to rest his feet a bit, and then, with a happy feeling, he was going to tear off the 25 on the calendar pad that hung on the wall.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"This is Gissing," said a small and rather frightened voice that sounded very far away. "You know, Gissing in the Roslyn Estates. At Mr. Mistletoe's house."

Of course Santa knew about the Roslyn Estates, but he had never heard about Gissing, who was still so young that his name had not been entered on the lists. Santa gets the names and addresses of all the dogs from the Town Hall in Manhasset, where the dog licenses are registered. However, he answered very kindly.

"Yes, Gissing," he said. "How are you?"

"Well, I'm fine," said Gissing, "but I thought I'd better tell you what I want for Christmas."

It was on the tip of Santa's tongue to say, a little crossly, "But Christmas is over. You're too late." But he could guess from the trembly sound of Gissing's voice that there must be some misunderstanding.

"All right, Gissing," he said in an encouraging voice. "What is it?"

"What have you got?" asked Gissing eagerly.

Santa Claus almost laughed. Gissing, even when he was a small puppy, was always rather impudent. Santa looked at his shelves. There were only a few toys remaining, now that all that year's Christmas presents had been de-

livered.

"Well," said Santa patiently, "I have a toy schooner, a train, a doll, a rubber ball, a rake, a pail and shovel, a football, a white china cat, a paint-box, and a toy automobile."

Gissing was so excited he could hardly hold all those ideas in his head.

"Would you mind, please, repeating the list?" he asked politely.

Santa repeated, smiling to himself.

"I think I would like a white china cat," said Gissing. He wanted very much to ask for the toy automobile also, but he restrained himself.

Santa Claus sighed at the thought of going all the way back to the Roslyn Estates that night. He was rather angry at Mr. Mistletoe for not having properly instructed Gissing about Christmas and told him the date. But he did not want anyone to be disappointed.

"Very well," he said. "You hang up your stocking, and the cat will be there in the morning. Merry Christmas!"

"Here's looking at you," replied Gissing. It was a phrase he had heard the grown-ups say, and it was the only thing he could think of at the moment. He pulled his toy box back into the nursery, quietly, so that no would know what he had b up to, got out his largest stocki and went to bed.

Santa Claus had a cup of h cocoa, and gave some to t reindeer, who were peevish having to go out again. But wi such a light load to carry, t sleigh sped swiftly. Across t snowy curve of the world t red sleigh went flashing. Gre gauzes of daffodil yellow ripp and flickered in the dark bl the wonderful Northern Ligh A brilliant star burned steadi right above the Pole, the Nor Star, the true Christmas Sta You can find it easily in the sk (unless you live south of t Equator) because the two sta in the end of the Dipper poi straight to it.

It was the quietest night of th year, the night when all the chi dren go to sleep at once becau they are tired out with toys an excitements. Santa and the rei deer soon got over their irritatio at having to go out again. It wa very peaceful, even better tha the hurry of Christmas Eve.

When Gissing woke up th next morning, there was th china cat. And not only the cat Because Gissing's request ha been so modest, Santa had brough along all the toys that were lef — the schooner, the train, the

doll, the ball, the rake, the pail and shovel, the football, the paint-box, and the automobile.

It wasn't until Gissing was much older that he learned that Santa Claus had made a special trip, all the way from the North Pole to the Roslyn Estates. And that was why Gissing himself, when he grew up and went on a long adventure was careful to get home on Christmas Eve, so that his puppies wouldn't be disappointed.

A QUIZ ON DOGS

By VINCENT A. OTTO

Everyone loves dogs. Here is a quiz to help you learn more about them. You should be able to answer at least six of the following questions correctly.

1. A dog's most acute sense is his sense of: a. Sight. b. Hearing. c. Smell.
2. Lassie, the famous movie dog, is a: a. Female. b. Male.
3. A puppy gets his complete set of teeth when he is about: a. 1 month old. b. 3 months. c. 10 days.
4. Rip Van Winkle's famous dog was named: a. Wolf. b. Tiger. c. Blackie.
5. Dachshunds were bred as: a. Lap dogs. b. Watch dogs. c. Hunting dogs.
6. The German sausage dog is a: a. Bulldog. b. Dachshund. c. Hot dog.
7. What island has a dog been named after? a. Shetland. b. Formosa. c. Newfoundland.
8. You should feed bones to: a. All dogs. b. Only full-grown dogs. c. Only puppies.

Answers on page 122

Reprinted from Wee Wisdom Magazine

THE QUEEN OF QUOK

An auction! An auction! Sold to the highest bidder — one ten-year-old king, in good health and possessing one moth-eaten robe

By L. FRANK BAUM
Author of "The Wizard of Oz"

This story is only slightly condensed from the book "American Fairy Tales," by L. Frank Baum; published by the Bobbs-Merrill Co., copyright 1901 by George M. Hill Co., and 1908 by L. Frank Baum.

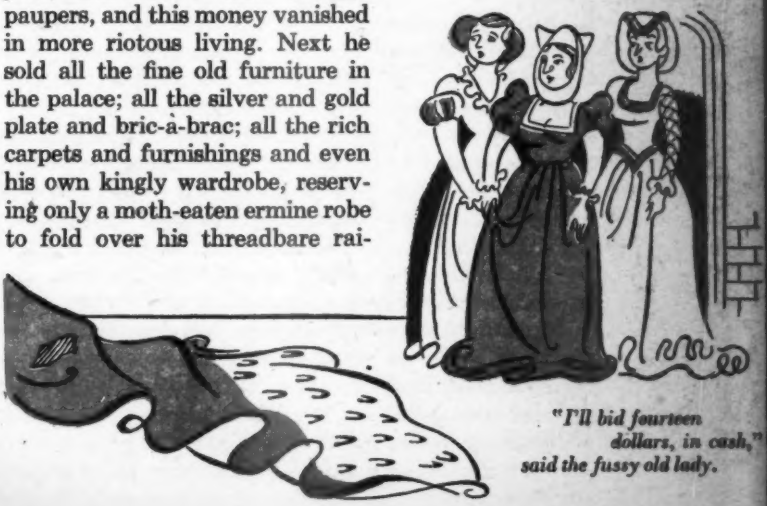
A KING once died, as kings are apt to do, being as liable to shortness of breath as other mortals.

It was high time this king abandoned his earth life, for he had lived in a sadly extravagant manner, and his subjects could spare him without the slightest inconvenience.

His father had left him a full treasury, both money and jewels being in abundance. But the foolish king just deceased had squandered every penny in riotous living. He had then taxed his subjects until most of them became paupers, and this money vanished in more riotous living. Next he sold all the fine old furniture in the palace; all the silver and gold plate and bric-à-brac; all the rich carpets and furnishings and even his own kingly wardrobe, reserving only a moth-eaten ermine robe to fold over his threadbare raiment. And he spent the money in further riotous living.

Don't ask me to explain what riotous living is. I only know, from hearsay, that it is an excellent way to get rid of money.

He now picked all the magnificent jewels from his kingly crown and from the round ball on the top of his scepter, and sold them and spent the money. Riotous living, of course. But at last he was at the end of his resources. He couldn't sell the crown itself, because no one but the king had the right to wear it. Neither could he sell the royal palace, because only the king had the right to live there.



"I'll bid fourteen dollars, in cash," said the fussy old lady.

So, finally, he found himself reduced to a bare palace, containing only a big mahogany bedstead that he slept in, a small stool on which he sat to pull off his shoes and the moth-eaten ermine robe.

In this strait he was reduced to the necessity of borrowing an occasional dime from his chief counselor, with which to buy a ham sandwich. And the chief counselor hadn't many dimes. One who counseled his king so foolishly was likely to ruin his own prospects as well.

So the king, having nothing more to live for, died suddenly and left a ten-year-old son to inherit the dismantled kingdom, the moth-eaten robe, and the jewel-stripped crown.

No one envied the child, who had scarcely been thought of until he became king himself. Then he was recognized as a personage of some importance, and the politicians and hangers-on, headed by the chief counselor of the kingdom, held a meeting to determine what could be done for him.

These folk had helped the old king to live riotously while his money lasted, and now they were poor and too proud to work. So they tried to think of a clever plan that would bring more money into the little king's treasury, where it would be extremely handy for them to help themselves.

After the meeting was over the chief counselor came to the young king, who was playing peg-top in the courtyard and said:

"Your Majesty, we have thought of a way to restore your kingdom to its former power and magnificence."

"All right," replied His Majesty carelessly. "How will you do it?"

"By marrying you to a lady of great wealth," replied the counselor.

"Marrying me!" cried the king. "Why, I am only ten years old!"

"I know; it is to be regretted. But Your Majesty will grow older, and the affairs of the kingdom demand that you marry a wife."

"Can't I marry a mother, instead?" asked the poor little king, who had lost his mother when a baby.

"Certainly not," declared the counselor. "To marry a mother would be illegal; to marry a wife is right and proper."

"Can't you marry her yourself?" inquired His Majesty, aiming his peg-top at the chief counselor's toe, and laughing to see how he jumped to escape it.

"Let me explain," said the other. "You haven't a penny in the world, but you have a kingdom. There are many rich women who would be glad to give their

wealth in exchange for a queen's coronet — even if the king is but a child. So we have decided to advertise that the one who bids the highest shall become the Queen of Quok."

"If I must marry at all," said the king, after a moment's thought, "I prefer to marry Nyana, the armorer's daughter."

"She is too poor," replied the counselor.

"Her teeth are pearls, her eyes are amethysts, and her hair is gold," declared the little king.

"True, Your Majesty. But consider that your wife's wealth must be used. How would Nyana look after you have pulled her teeth of pearls, plucked out her amethyst eyes and shaved her golden head?"

The boy shuddered.

"Have your own way," he said. "Only let the lady be as dainty as possible and a good playfellow."

"We shall do our best," returned the chief counselor, and went away to advertise throughout the neighboring kingdoms for a wife for the boy king of Quok.

There were so many applicants for the privilege of marrying the little king that it was decided to put him up at auction, in order that the largest possible sum of money should be brought into the kingdom. So, on the day appointed, the ladies gathered at the palace from all the surrounding kingdoms — from Bilkon, Mulgravia, Junkum and even as far away as the republic of Macvelt.

The chief counselor came to the palace early in the morning and had the king's face washed and his hair combed; and then he padded the inside of the crown with old newspapers to make it small enough to fit His Majesty's head. It was a sorry looking crown, having many big and little holes in it where the jewels had once been; and it had been neglected and knocked around until it was quite battered and tarnished. Yet, as the counselor said, it was the king's crown, and it was quite proper he should wear it on the solemn occasion of his auction.

Like all boys, be they kings or paupers, His Majesty had torn and soiled his one suit of clothes, so that it was hardly presentable; and there was no money to buy a new one. Therefore the counselor wound the old ermine robe around the king, brushed back his tousled hair and set him upon the stool in the middle of the otherwise empty audience chamber.

Then the doors of the audience chamber were thrown open, and the wealthy ladies who aspired to being Queen of Quok came trooping in. The king looked them over

with much anxiety, and decided any one of them was old enough to be his grandmother, and ugly enough to scare away the crows from the royal corn-fields. After which he lost interest in them.

But the rich ladies never looked at the poor little king squatting upon his stool. They gathered at once about the chief counselor, who acted as auctioneer.

"How much am I offered for the coronet of the Queen of Quok?" asked the counselor in a loud voice.

"Where is the coronet?" inquired a fussy old lady who had just buried her ninth husband and was worth several millions.

"There isn't any coronet at present," explained the chief counselor, "but whoever bids highest will have the right to wear one, and she can then buy it."

"Oh," said the fussy old lady, "I see." Then she added: "I'll bid fourteen dollars."

"Fourteen thousand dollars!" cried a sour-looking woman who was thin and tall and had wrinkles all over her skin — "like a frosted apple," the king thought.

The bidding now became fast and furious, and the poverty-stricken courtiers brightened up as the sum began to mount into the millions.

"He'll bring us a very pretty fortune, after all," whispered one to his comrade, "and then we shall have the pleasure of helping him spend it."

"I'm the Slave of the Royal Bedstead," he said. "What do you want?"

The king began to be anxious. All the women who looked at all kind-hearted or pleasant had stopped bidding for lack of money, and the slender old dame with the wrinkles seemed determined to get the coronet at any price, and with it the boy husband. This ancient creature finally became so excited that her wig got crosswise of her head and her false teeth kept slipping out, which horrified

the little king greatly; but she would not give up.

At last the chief counselor ended the auction by crying out:

"Sold to Mary Ann Brodjinski de la Porkus for three million nine hundred thousand six hundred and twenty-four dollars and sixteen cents!" And the sour-looking old woman paid the money in cash and on the spot, which proves this is a fairy story.

The king was so disturbed at the thought that he must marry this hideous creature that he began to wail and weep; whereupon the woman boxed his ears soundly. But the counselor reproved her for punishing her future husband in public, saying:

"You are not married yet. Wait until to-morrow, after the wedding takes place. Then you can abuse him as much as you wish. But at present we prefer to have people think this is a love match."

The poor king slept but little that night, so filled was he with terror of his future wife. Nor could he get the idea out of his head that he preferred to marry the armorer's daughter, who was about his own age. He tossed and tumbled around upon his hard bed until the moonlight came in at the window and lay like a great white sheet upon the bare floor. Finally, in turning over for the hundredth time, his hand struck against a secret spring at the headboard of the big mahogany bedstead, and at once, with a sharp click, a panel flew open.

The noise caused the king to look up, and, seeing the open panel, he stood on tiptoe, and, reaching within, drew out a folded paper. It had several leaves fastened together like a book, and upon the first page was written:

When the king is in trouble
This leaf he must double
And set it on fire
To obtain his desire.

This was not very good poetry, but when the king had spelled it out in the moonlight he was filled with joy.

"There's no doubt about my being in trouble," he exclaimed; "so I'll burn it at once, and see what happens."

He tore off the leaf and put the rest of the book in its secret hiding-place. Then, folding the paper double, he placed it on the top of his stool, lighted a match and set fire to it.

It made a horrid smudge for so small a paper, and the king sat on the edge of the bed and watched it eagerly.

When the smoke cleared away he was surprised to see, sitting upon the stool, a round little man, who, with folded arms and crossed legs, sat calmly facing the king and

smoking a black brierwood pipe.

"Well, here I am," said he.

"So I see," replied the little king. "But how did you get here?"

"Didn't you burn the paper?" demanded the round man, by way of answer.

"Yes, I did," acknowledged the king.

"Then you are in trouble, and I've come to help you out of it. I'm the Slave of the Royal Bedstead."

"Oh!" said the king. "I didn't know there was one."

"Neither did your father, or he would not have been so foolish as to sell everything he had for money. By the way, it's lucky for you he did not sell this bedstead. Now, then, what do you want?"

"I'm not sure what I want," replied the king; "but I know what I don't want, and that is the old woman who is to marry me."

"That's easy enough," said the Slave of the Royal Bedstead. "All you need do is return her the money she paid the chief counselor and declare the match off. Don't be afraid. You are the king, and your word is law."

"To be sure," said His Majesty. "But I am in great need of money. How am I going to live if the chief counselor returns to Mary Ann Brodjinski her millions?"

"Phoo! That's easy enough," again answered the man, and, putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out and tossed to the king an old-fashioned leather purse. "Keep that with you," said he, "and you will always be rich, for you can take out of the purse as many twenty-five-cent silver pieces as you wish, one at a time. No matter how often you take one out, another will appear in its place within the purse."

"Thank you," said the king gratefully. "You have rendered me a rare favor; for now I shall have money for all my needs and shall not be obliged to marry anyone. Thank you a thousand times!"

"Don't mention it," answered the other, puffing his pipe slowly and watching the smoke curl into the moonlight. "Such things are easy to me. Is that all you want?"

"All I can think of just now," returned the king.

"Then please close that secret panel in the bedstead," said the man; "the other leaves of the book may be of use to you some time."

The boy stood upon the bed as before and, reaching up, closed the opening so that no one else could discover it. Then he turned to face his visitor, but the Slave of the Royal Bedstead had disappeared.

"I expected that," said His

Majesty; "yet I am sorry he did not wait to say good-by."

With a lightened heart and a sense of great relief the boy king placed the leather purse underneath his pillow, and climbing into bed again slept soundly.

When the sun rose His Majesty rose also, refreshed and comforted, and the first thing he did was to send for the chief counselor.

That mighty personage arrived looking glum and unhappy, but the boy was too full of his own good fortune to notice it. Said he:

"I have decided not to marry anyone, for I have just come into a fortune of my own. Therefore I command you to return to that old woman the money she has paid you for the right to wear the coronet of the Queen of Quok. And make public declaration that the wedding will not take place."

Hearing this the counselor began to tremble, for he saw the young king had decided to reign in earnest; and he looked so guilty that His Majesty inquired:

"Well! What is the matter now?"

"Sire," replied the wretch, in a shaking voice, "I can not return the woman her money, for I have lost it!"

"Lost it!" cried the king, in mingled astonishment and anger.

"Even so, Your Majesty. On my way home from the auction last night I stopped at the drug store to get some potash lozenges for my throat, which was dry and hoarse with so much loud talking; and Your Majesty will admit it was through my efforts the woman was induced to pay so great a price. Well, going into the drug store I carelessly left the package of money lying on the seat of my carriage, and when I came out

The counselor sat down on the floor to count out the money.

again it was gone. Nor was the thief anywhere to be seen."

"Did you call the police?" asked the king.

"Yes, I called; but they were all on the next block, and although they have promised to search for the robber I have little hope they will ever find him."

The king sighed.

"What shall we do now?" he asked.

"I fear you must marry Mary Ann Brodjinski," answered the chief counselor; "unless, indeed, you order the executioner to cut her head off."

"That would be wrong," declared the king. "The woman must not be harmed. And it is just that we return her money, for I will not marry her under any circumstances."

"Is that private fortune you mentioned large enough to repay her?" asked the counselor.

"Why, yes," said the king thoughtfully, "but it will take some time to do it, and that shall be your task. Call the woman here."

The counselor went in search of Mary Ann, who, when she heard she was not to become a queen, but would receive her money back, flew into a violent passion and boxed the chief counselor's ears so viciously that they stung for nearly an hour. But she followed him into the king's audience chamber, where she demanded her money in a loud voice, claiming as well the interest due upon it overnight.

"The counselor has lost your money," said the boy king, "but he shall pay you every penny out of my own private purse. I fear, however, you will be obliged to take it in small change."

"That will not matter," she said, scowling upon the counselor as if she longed to reach his ears again; "I don't care how small the change is so long as I get every penny that belongs to me, and the interest. Where is it?"

"Here," answered the king, handing the counselor the leathern purse. "It is all in silver quarters, and they must be taken from the purse one at a time; but there will be plenty to pay your demands, and to spare."

So, there being no chairs, the counselor sat down on the floor in one corner and began counting out silver twenty-five-cent pieces from the purse, one by one. And the old woman sat on the floor opposite him and took each piece of money from his hand.

It was a large sum: three million nine hundred thousand six hundred and twenty-four dollars and sixteen cents. And it takes four times as many twenty-five-cent pieces as it would dollars to

make up the amount.

The king left them sitting there and went to school, and often thereafter he came to the counselor and interrupted him long enough to get from the purse what money he needed to reign in a proper and dignified manner.

The king grew to manhood and married the pretty daughter of the armorer, and they now have two lovely children of their own. Once in a while they go into the big audience chamber of the palace and let the little ones watch the aged, hoary-headed counselor count out silver twenty-five-cent pieces to a withered old woman, who watches his every movement to see that he does not cheat her.

It is a big sum, three million nine hundred thousand six hundred and twenty-four dollars and sixteen cents in quarters.

But this is how the counselor was punished for being so careless with the woman's money. And this is how Mary Ann Brodjinski de la Porkus was also punished for wishing to marry a ten-year-old king in order that she might be the Queen of Quok.

STOP THE TEACHER

The teacher was worried about the children in her class catching cold. So many of them had been going outdoors without their coats that she decided to scare them a little.

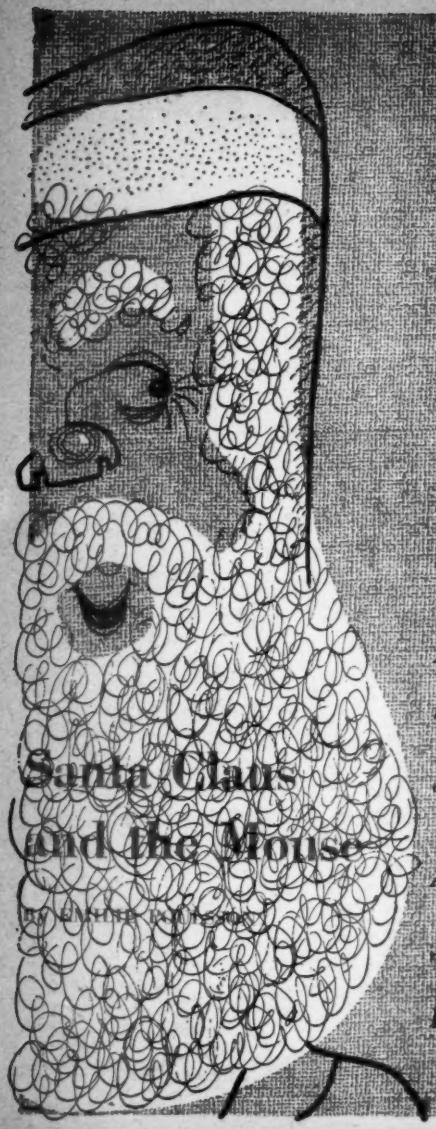
Teacher: "I had a little brother who was so eager to play with his new Christmas sled that he didn't bother to put on his coat when he went out in the snow. Three days later, he caught pneumonia and died."

The class was silent for about ten seconds.

Then, a small voice from the back of the room piped up: "Where's the sled?"

CONTRIBUTIONS WANTED

THE CHILDREN'S DIGEST *will pay one dollar for any "Stop the Teacher" contributions that are published. Send your "Stop the Teacher" to* THE CHILDREN'S DIGEST, *52 Vanderbilt Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y. Contributions cannot be returned or acknowledged; those published become the property of* THE CHILDREN'S DIGEST. *Entries should be 200 words or less.*



Santa Claus and the Mouse

By Emma Kaufman

One Christmas Eve, when Santa Claus
Came to a certain house,
To fill the children's stockings there
He found a little mouse.

"A merry Christmas, little friend,"
Said Santa, good and kind.
"The same to you, sir," said the mouse,
"I thought you wouldn't mind

"If I should stay awake tonight
And watch you for a while?"
"You're very welcome, little mouse,"
Said Santa with a smile.

And then he filled the stockings up
Before the mouse could wink —
From toe to top, from top to toe,
There wasn't left a chink.

"Now, they won't hold another thing,"
Said Santa Claus, with pride.
A twinkle came in mouse's eye,
But humbly he replied:

"It's not polite to contradict —
Your pardon I implore —
But in the fullest stocking there
I could put one thing more."

"Oh, ho!" laughed Santa, "silly mouse!
Don't I know how to pack?
By filling stockings all these years,
I should have learned the knack."

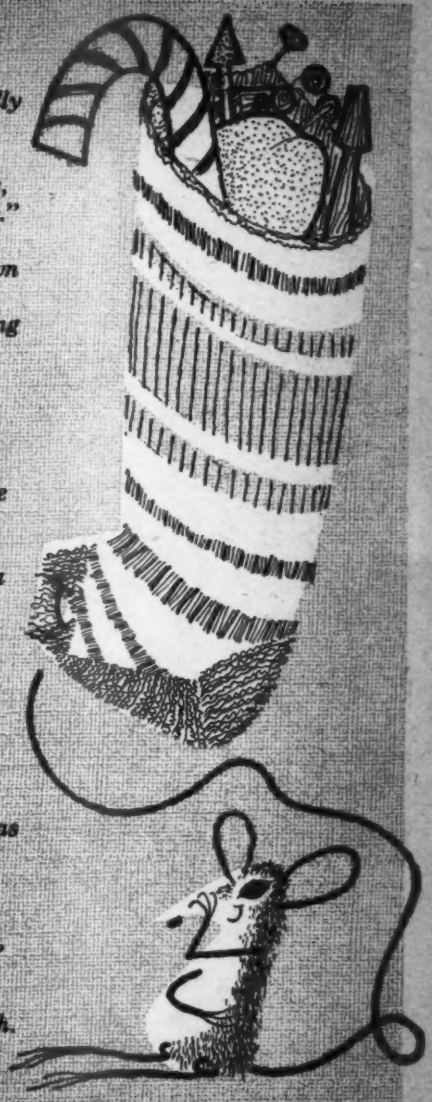
And then he took the stocking down
From where it hung so high,
And said: "Now put in one thing more;
I give you leave to try."

The mousie chuckled to himself,
And then he softly stole
Right to the stocking's crowded toe
And gnawed a little hole!

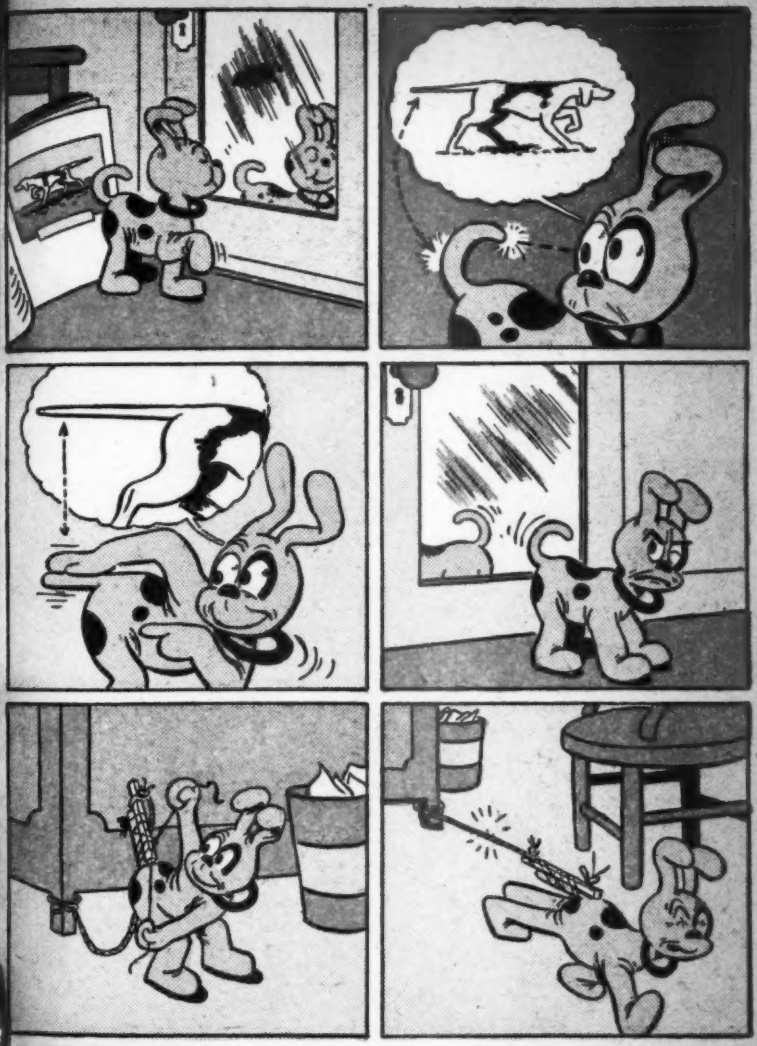
"Now, if you please, good Santa Claus,
I've put in one thing more;
For you will own that little hole
Was not in there before."

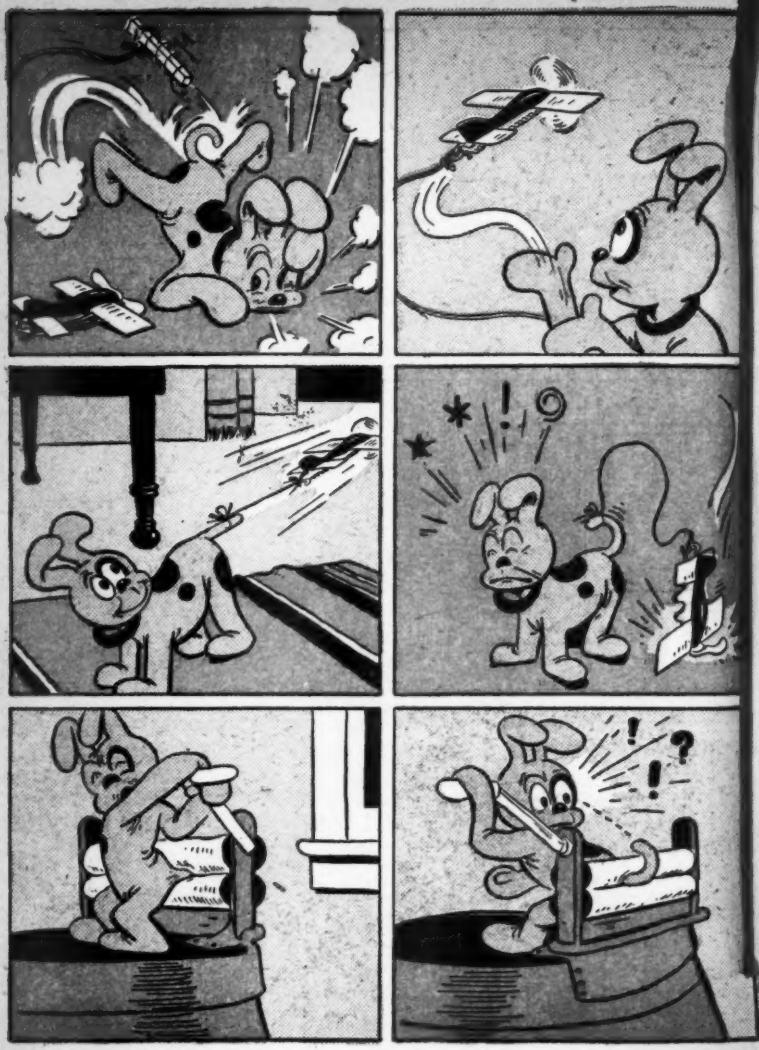
How Santa Claus did laugh and laugh!
And then he gaily spoke:
"Well! you shall have a Christmas cheese
For that nice little joke."

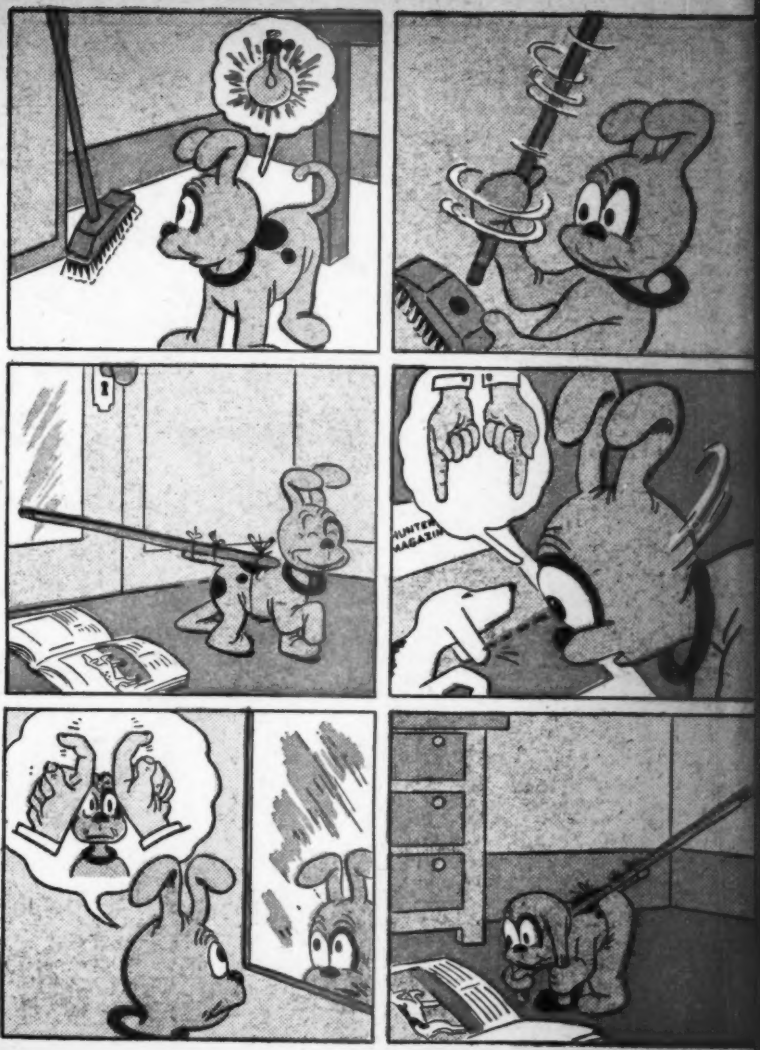
If you don't think this story true,
Why! I can show to you
The very stocking with the hole
The little mouse gnawed through.



DITTO
HE MAKES NO SOUND, THIS SILENT PUP.
BUT WATCH THE FUN WHEN HE WAKES UP!
HUNTERS' MAGAZINE
HUNTERS' MAG
THE POINTER
NOTE STRAIGHT TAIL ON THIS FINE HUNTER.



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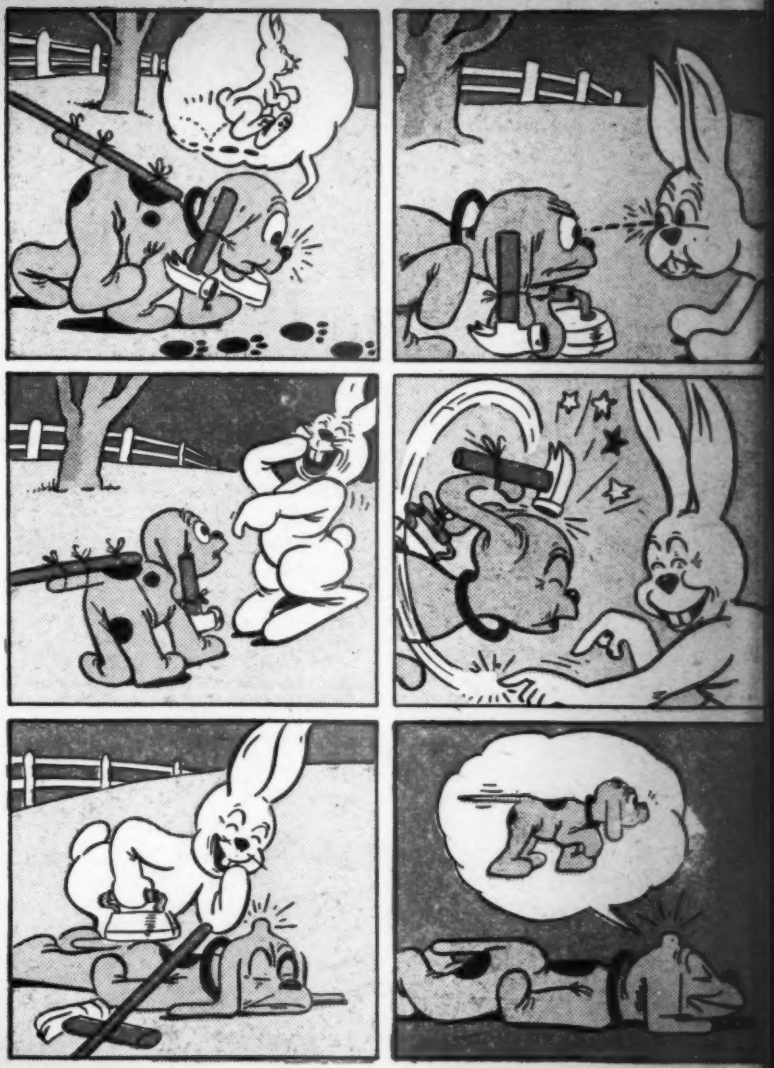
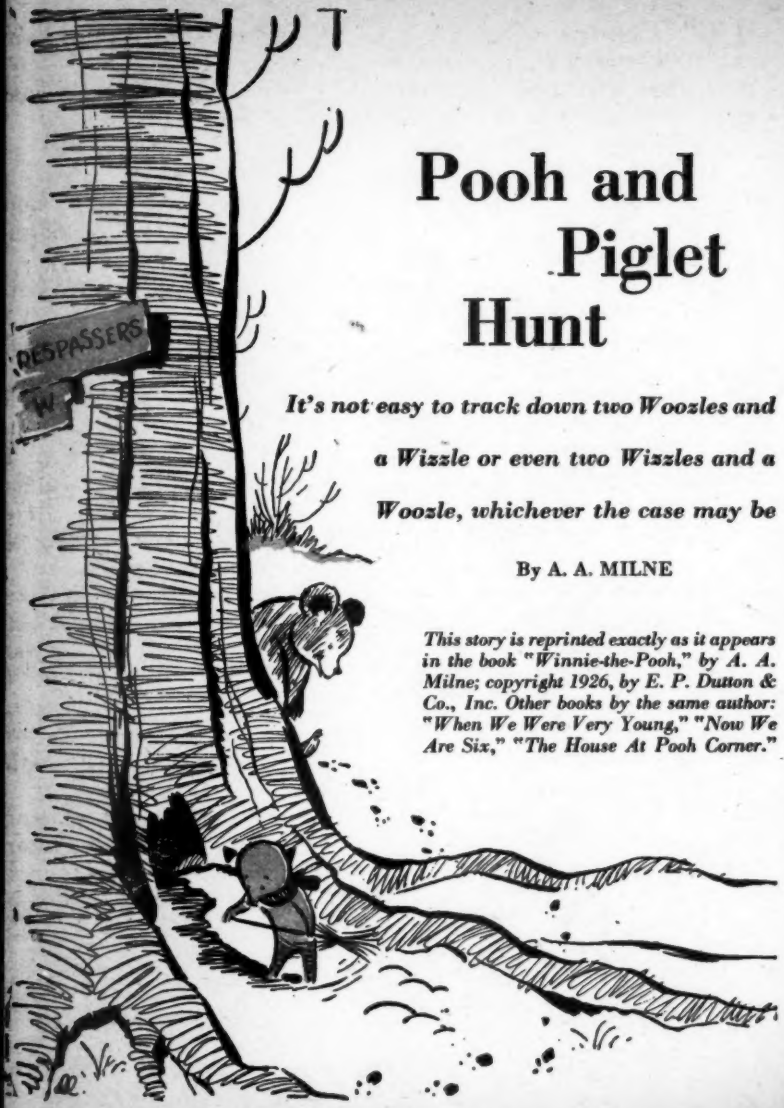




Pooh and Piglet Hunt

It's not easy to track down two Woozles and a Wizzle or even two Wizzles and a Woozle, whichever the case may be

By A. A. MILNE

This story is reprinted exactly as it appears in the book "Winnie-the-Pooh," by A. A. Milne; copyright 1926, by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. Other books by the same author: "When We Were Very Young," "Now We Are Six," "The House At Pooh Corner."

THE Piglet lived in a very grand house in the middle of a beech-tree, and the beech-tree was in the middle of the forest, and the Piglet lived in the middle of the house. Next to his house was a piece of broken board which had: "TRESPASSERS W" on it. When Christopher Robin asked the Piglet what it meant, he said it was his grandfather's name, and had been in the family for a long time. Christopher Robin said you *couldn't* be called Trespassers W, and Piglet said yes, you could, because his grandfather was, and it was short for Trespassers Will, which was short for Trespassers William. And his grandfather had had two names in case he lost one — Trespassers after an uncle, and William after Trespassers.

"I've got two names," said Christopher Robin carelessly.

"Well, there you are, that proves it," said Piglet.

One fine winter's day when Piglet was brushing away the snow in front of his house, he happened to look up, and there was Winnie-the-Pooh. Pooh was walking round and round in a circle, thinking of something else, and when Piglet called to him, he just went on walking.

"Hallo!" said Piglet, "what are *you* doing?"

"Hunting," said Pooh.

"Hunting what?"

"Tracking something," said Winnie-the-Pooh very mysteriously.

"Tracking what?" said Piglet, coming closer.

"That's just what I ask myself. I ask myself, What?"

"What do you think you'll answer?"

"I shall have to wait until I catch up with it," said Winnie-the-Pooh. "Now, look there." He pointed to the ground in front of him. "What do you see there?"

"Tracks," said Piglet. "Paw-marks." He gave a little squeak of excitement. "Oh, Pooh! Do you think it's a — a — a Woozle?"

"It may be," said Pooh. "Sometimes it is, and sometimes it isn't. You never can tell with paw-marks."

With these few words he went on tracking, and Piglet, after watching him for a minute or two, ran after him. Winnie-the-Pooh had come to a sudden stop, and

Piglet was brushing away the snow in front of his grand house.

was bending over the tracks in a puzzled sort of way.

"What's the matter?" asked Piglet.

"It's a very funny thing," said Bear, "but there seem to be *two* animals now. This — whatever-it-was — has been joined by another — whatever-it-is — and the two of them are now proceeding in company. Would you mind coming with me, Piglet, in case they turn out to be Hostile Animals?"

Piglet scratched his ear in a nice sort of way, and said that he had nothing to do until Friday, and would be delighted to come, in case it really *was* a Woozle.

"You mean, in case it really is two Woozles," said Winnie-the-Pooh, and Piglet said that anyhow he had nothing to do until Friday. So off they went together.

There was a small spinney of larch trees just here, and it seemed as if the two Woozles, if that is what they were, had been going round this spinney; so round this spinney went Pooh and Piglet after them; Piglet passing the time by telling Pooh what his Grandfather Trespassers W had done to Remove Stiffness after Tracking, and how his Grandfather Trespassers W had suffered in his later years from Shortness of Breath, and other matters of interest, and Pooh wondering what a Grandfather was like, and if perhaps this was Two Grandfathers they were after now, and, if so, whether he would be allowed to take one home and keep it, and what Christopher Robin would say. And still the tracks went on in front of them. . . .

"There are two of them now!"

Suddenly Winnie-the-Pooh stopped, and pointed excitedly in front of him. "*Look!*"

"*What?*" said Piglet, with a jump. And then, to show that he hadn't been frightened, he jumped up and down once or twice more in an exercising sort of way.

"The tracks!" said Pooh. "*A third animal has joined the other two!*"

"Pooh!" cried Piglet. "Do you think it is another Woozle?"

"No," said Pooh, "because it makes different marks. It is either Two Woozles and one, as it might be, Wizzle, or Two, as it might be, Wizzles and one, if so it is, Woozle. Let us continue to follow them."

So they went on, feeling just a little anxious now, in case the

three animals in front of them were of Hostile Intent. And Piglet wished very much that his Grandfather T. W. were there, instead of elsewhere, and Pooh thought how nice it would be if they met Christopher Robin suddenly but quite accidentally, and only because he liked Christoper Robin so much. And then, all of a sudden, Winnie-the-Pooh stopped again, and licked the tip of his nose in a cooling manner, for he was feeling more hot and anxious than ever in his life before. *There were four animals in front of them!*

"Do you see, Piglet? Look at their tracks! Three, as it were, Woozles, and one, as it was, Wizzle. *Another Woozle has joined them!*"

And so it seemed to be. There were the tracks; crossing over each other here, getting muddled up with each other there; but, quite plainly every now and then, the tracks of four sets of paws.

"I *think*," said Piglet, when he had licked the tip of his nose too, and found that it brought very little comfort, "I *think* that I have just remembered something. I have just remembered something that I forgot to do yesterday and shan't be able to do to-morrow. So I suppose I really ought to go back and do it now."

"We'll do it this afternoon, and I'll come with you," said Pooh.

"It isn't the sort of thing you can do in the afternoon," said Piglet quickly. "It's a very particular morning thing, that has to be done in the morning, and, if possible, between the hours of — What would you say the time was?"

"About twelve," said Winnie-the-Pooh, looking at the sun.

"Between, as I was saying, the hours of twelve and twelve five. So, really, dear old Pooh, if you'll excuse me — *What's that?*"

Pooh looked up at the sky, and then, as he heard the whistle again, he looked up into the branches of a big oak-tree, and then he saw a friend of his.

"It's Christopher Robin," he said.

"Ah, then you'll be all right," said Piglet. "You'll be quite safe with *him*. Good-bye," and he trotted off home as quickly as he could, very glad to be Out of All Danger again.

"It's Christopher Robin," he said.

Christopher Robin came slowly down his tree.

"Silly old Bear," he said, "what *were* you doing? First you went round the spinney twice by yourself, and then Piglet ran after you and you went round again together, and then you were just going round a fourth time —"

"Wait a moment," said Winnie-the-Pooh, holding up his paw.

He sat down and thought, in the most thoughtful way he could think. Then he fitted his paw into one of the tracks . . . and then he scratched his nose twice, and stood up.

"Yes," said Winnie-the-Pooh.

"I see now," said Winnie-the-Pooh.

"I have been Foolish and Deluded," said he, "and I am a Bear of No Brain at All."

"You're the Best Bear in All the World," said Christopher Robin soothingly.

"Am I?" said Pooh hopefully. And then he brightened up suddenly.

"Anyhow," he said, "it is nearly Luncheon Time."

So he went home for it.

PARTY GAMES

Whose Hand?

Give each player a pencil and paper and tell him to lay his left hand on the paper and draw around it, then write his name lightly on the back of the paper.

Collect the drawings, shuffle and number them. Spread them out on the table or the floor.

Give each player a card or paper and ask him to write after each number the name of the person whose hand he thinks is pictured there. The results are often very funny.

Do As I Do

This is a good game for an outdoor or an indoor party.

The leader gives to each player a teaspoon holding ten beans or dried peas. The leader, who has nothing to carry, starts a lively game of Follow Your Leader. He may jump, run, crawl on all fours, climb over or under objects and the other players must follow, each holding in front of him his spoon of peas or beans, without spilling them. Be sure to collect all of the spilled beans before anybody slips on them.

Reprinted from "The Emerald Green Puzzle Book," by permission of the publishers, Sam'l Gabriel Sons & Co.

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

They were extraordinary garments. Woven with invisible thread on empty looms, nothing like them had ever been seen

The stories of Hans Christian Andersen have enjoyed tremendous popularity for more than a century. This story is slightly condensed from "Andersen's Fairy Tales," copyright 1933, by Coward-McCann, Inc.

MANY years ago there lived an Emperor, who was so excessively fond of grand new clothes that he spent all his money upon them, that he might be very fine. He did not care about his soldiers, nor about the theater, and only liked to drive out and show his new clothes. He had a coat for every hour of the day; and just as they say of a king, "He is in council," so they always

said of him, "The Emperor is in the wardrobe."

In the great city in which he lived it was always very merry; every day came many strangers; one day two rogues came; they gave themselves out as weavers, and declared they could weave the finest stuff any one could imagine. Not only were their colors and patterns, they said, uncommonly beautiful, but the clothes made of the stuff possessed the wonderful quality that they became invisible to any one who was unfit for the office he held, or was incorrigibly stupid.

"Those would be capital clothes!" thought the Emperor. "If I wore those, I should be able to find out what men in my empire are not fit for the places they have; I could tell the clever men from the dunces. Yes, the stuff must be woven for me directly!"

And he gave the two rogues a great deal of cash in hand, that they might begin their work at once.

As for them, they put up two looms, and pretended to be working; but they had nothing at all on their looms. They at once demanded the finest silk and the costliest gold; this they put into their own pockets, and worked at the empty looms far into the night.

"I should like to know how far they have got on with the stuff," thought the Emperor. But he felt quite uncomfortable when he thought that those who were not fit for their offices could not see it. He believed, indeed, that he had nothing to fear for himself, but yet he preferred first to send someone else to see how matters stood. All the people in the city knew what peculiar power the stuff possessed, and all were anxious to see how bad or how stupid their neighbors were.

"I will send my honest old Minister to the weavers," thought the Emperor. "He can judge best how the stuff looks, for he has sense, and no one understands his office better than he."

Now the good old Minister went out into the hall where the two rogues sat working at the empty looms.

"Mercy on us!" thought the old Minister, and he opened his eyes wide. "I cannot see anything at all!" But he did not say this.

Both the rogues begged him to be so good as to come nearer, and asked if he did not approve of the colors and the pattern. Then they pointed to the empty loom, and the poor old Minister went on opening his eyes; but he could see nothing, for there was nothing.

"Mercy!" thought he, "can I indeed be so stupid? I never thought that, and not a soul must

know it. Am I not fit for my office? No, it will never do for me to tell that I could not see the stuff."

"Don't you say anything about it?" asked one, as he went on weaving.

"O, it is charming — quite charming!" answered the old Minister, as he peered through his spectacles. "What a fine pattern, and what colors! Yes, I shall tell the Emperor that I am very much pleased with it."

"Well, we are glad of that," said both the weavers; and then they named the colors, and explained the strange pattern. The

The weavers named the colors and explained the pattern.

old Minister listened attentively, that he might be able to repeat it when the Emperor came.

Now the rogues asked for more money, and silk and gold, which they declared they wanted for weaving. They put all into their own pockets, and not a thread was put upon the loom; they continued to work at the empty frames as before.

The Emperor soon sent again, dispatching another honest officer of the court, to see how the weaving was going on, and if the stuff would soon be ready. He fared just like the first: he looked and looked, but, as there was nothing to be seen but the empty looms, he could see nothing.

"Is not that a pretty piece of stuff?" asked the two rogues; and they displayed and explained the handsome pattern which was not there at all.

"I am not stupid!" thought the man: "it must be my good office, for which I am not fit. It is funny enough, but I must not let it be noticed." And so he praised the stuff which he did not see, and expressed his pleasure at the beautiful colors and charming pattern. "Yes, it is enchanting," he told the Emperor.

All the people in the town were talking of the gorgeous stuff. The Emperor wished to see it himself while it was still upon the loom. With a whole crowd of chosen men, among whom were also the two honest statesmen who had already been there, he went to the two cunning rogues, who were now weaving with might and main without fibre or thread.

"Is not that splendid?" said the two statesmen who had al-

ready been there once. "Does not your Majesty remark the pattern and the colors?" And they pointed to the empty loom, for they thought that the others could see the stuff.

"What's this?" thought the Emperor. "I can see nothing at all! That is terrible. Am I stupid? Am I not fit to be Emperor? That would be the most dreadful thing that could happen to me. O, it is *very* pretty!" he said aloud. "It has our highest approbation." And he nodded in a contented way, and gazed at the empty loom, for he could not say that he saw nothing. The whole suite whom he had with him looked and looked, and saw nothing, any more than the rest; but, like the Emperor, they said, "That *is* pretty!" and counseled him to wear the splendid new clothes for the first time at the great procession that was presently to take place. "It is splendid, excellent!" went from mouth to mouth. On all sides there seemed to be general rejoicing, and the Emperor gave the rogues the title of Imperial Court Weavers.

The whole night before the morning on which the procession was to take place, the rogues were up, and kept more than sixteen candles burning. The people could see that they were hard at work, completing the Emperor's new clothes. They pretended to take the stuff down from the loom; they made cuts in the air with great scissors; they sewed with needles without thread; and at last they said, "Now the clothes are ready!"

The Emperor came himself with his noblest Cavaliers; and the two rogues lifted up one arm as if they were holding something, and said, "See, here are the trousers: here is the coat! here is the cloak!" and so on. "It is as light as a spider's web: one would think one had nothing on; but that is just the beauty of it."

"Yes," said all the Cavaliers; but they could not see anything, for nothing was there.

"Will your Imperial Majesty please to condescend to take off your clothes?" said the rogues; "then we will put on you the new clothes here in front of the great mirror."

The Emperor took off his clothes, and the rogues pretended to put on him each new garment; and the Emperor turned round and round before the mirror.

"O, how well they look! how capitally they fit!" said all. "What a pattern! what colors! That *is* a splendid dress!"

"They are standing outside with the canopy which is to be borne above your Majesty in the procession!" announced the head

Master of the Ceremonies.

"Well, I am ready," replied the Emperor. "Does it not suit me well?" And then he turned again to the mirror, for he wanted it to appear as if he contemplated his adornment with great interest.

The two chamberlains, who were to carry the train, stooped down with their hands toward the door, just as if they were picking up the mantle; then they pretended to be holding something in the air. They did not dare to let it be noticed that they saw nothing.

So the Emperor went in the procession under the rich canopy, and every one in the streets, said, "How incomparable are the Emperor's new clothes! what a train he has to his mantle! how it fits him!" No one would let it be perceived that he could see nothing, for that would have shown that he was not fit for his office, or was very stupid. No clothes of the Emperor's had ever had such a success as these.

"But he has nothing on!" a little child cried out at last.

"Just hear what that innocent says!" said the father: and one whispered to another what the child had said.

"But he has nothing on!" said the whole people at length. That touched the Emperor, for it seemed to him that they were right; but he thought within himself, "I must go through with the procession." And so he held himself a little higher, and the chamberlains held on tighter than ever, and carried the train which did not exist at all.

THE PERFECT ANSWER

Father to lazy son: "Why at your age, George Washington was a full-fledged surveyor!"
Son, looking up from his book: "And at your age, Dad, he was president."

Contributions Wanted

THE CHILDREN'S DIGEST will pay one dollar for any "The Perfect Answer" contributions that are published. Send your "The Perfect Answer" to THE CHILDREN'S DIGEST, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y. Contributions cannot be returned or acknowledged; those published become the property of THE CHILDREN'S DIGEST. Entries should be 200 words or less.

What Makes it Rain?

We can't do anything about the weather, it's true, but at least we can explain it

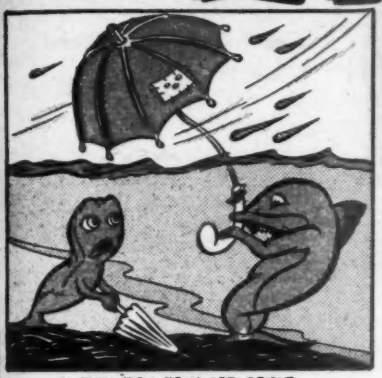
WHEN it is cold out of doors the invisible drops of water vapor in the atmosphere huddle together to "keep warm." In doing so they form larger drops which sooner or later turn into rain. On a winter's day when it is very cold outside and your room is nice and warm, if you look at the window panes, you will see a cloud of moisture cover the glass and in a short time you won't be able to see out of the window but you will be able to scribble your name on the pane with your finger or play tick-tack-toe, or draw anything you like. After a while, if the room gets any warmer, so much moisture collects on the window pane that drops of water start to run down the glass. It rains on the inside of the window. Now let us review just what happened. First the window became cloudy, then it got so cloudy that you could not see out and lastly the cloud became so filled with water vapor that drops of water ran down the glass. This is just what happens in a real cloud when it starts to rain.

As the hot air from the ground rises and travels upward to meet the cooler air a mile or so above the earth, the water vapor in this hot air is chilled and the droplets huddle together and form larger drops. As these billions of drops go floating through the air they collect in a big bunch just the way the water vapor did on your window pane when you couldn't see out. They form a cloud. But the cloud is not flat the way it was on your window pane. It is very thick and cold and wet and not nearly so nice as it looks.

But there are other clouds, too, and if the air up there, a mile or two above the earth, is the right temperature and the pressure is just right, these clouds all come together and soon the sky becomes white with them and we say "it looks like rain." If this big collection of clouds becomes chilled any further the billions of droplets in them, which are already pretty big, become bigger and finally they start to break away from the clouds and drop to the earth in the form of rain. This is just what happened when the drops ran down the glass, but the drops can't run down the cloud so they fall out of it.

From "Picture Book of the Weather," by Jerome S. Meyer. Copyright 1945, Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

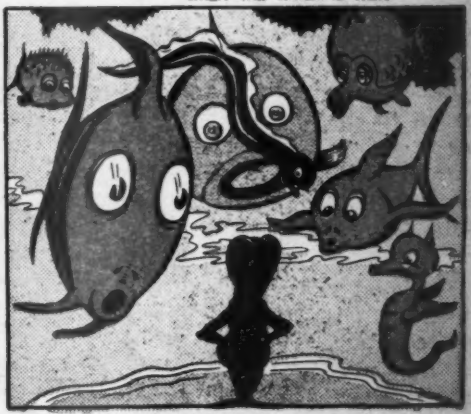
The POOR FISH



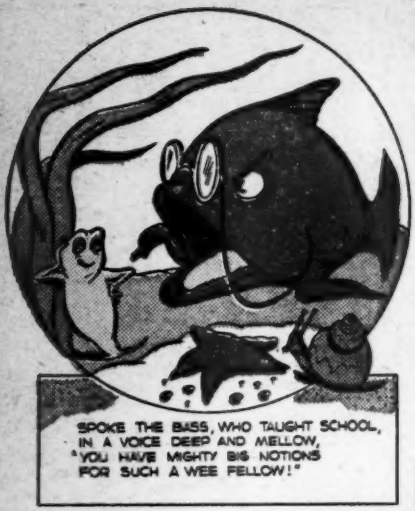
THE FISH FOLK ARE BRIGHT AND CLEVER, AND BRAINY. THEY CARRY UMBRELLAS, WHENEVER IT'S RAINY.

AND NO LITTLE FISH WILL EVER FORGET TO PUT ON HIS RUBBERS WHEN THE WATER IS WET.

SAID TADDY, THE POLE FISH, A FRESH LITTLE FRY, "I'LL GET OUT OF THE WATER AND GO WHERE IT'S DRY!"

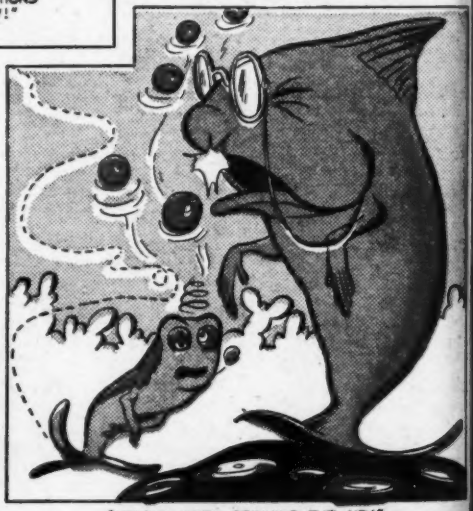


"OUT OF THE WATER! YOU'LL DROWN!" CRIED THE FISH. "THE WATER'S OUR HOME AND OUR FAVORITE DISH!"

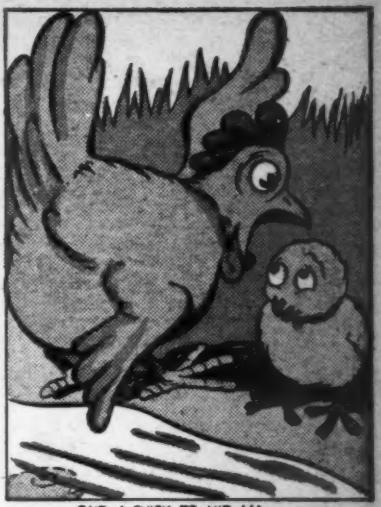

SPOKE THE BASS, WHO TAUGHT SCHOOL,
IN A VOICE DEEP AND MELLOW,
"YOU HAVE MIGHTY BIG NOTIONS
FOR SUCH A WEE FELLOW!"

SAID TAD TO HIMSELF,
"THERE'S A WAY TO FIND OUT!"
SO HE SWAM TO THE TOP
AND HE STUCK OUT HIS SNOUT.

BUT THE VERY FIRST SNIFF
MADE HIM DIZZY AND SICK.
HIS RETURN TO THE BOTTOM
WAS SUDDEN AND QUICK!


"YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING THE AIR!"
SAID THE BASS WITH A FROWN.
"DO YOU WANT TO CATCH COLD?
ARE YOU TRYING TO DROWN?"

ONE DAY, LITTLE TADDY
SWAM CLOSE TO THE SHORE.
AND THERE WAS A HEN
AND HER LITTLE CHICKS FOUR!

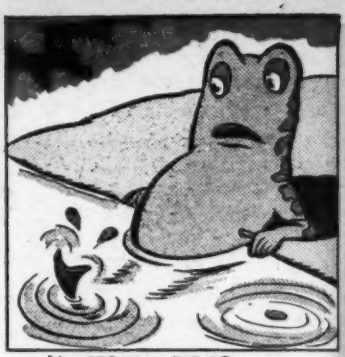


SAID A CHICK TO HIS MA,
"MAY I GO FOR A SWIM?"
"YOU WILL DROWN IN THAT STUFF!"
TADDY HEARD HER TELL HIM.

WHEN THE CHICK FIRST SPIED TADDY,
HE CRIED, "CHEEP, CHEEP, CHEEP!
GET OUT OF THE WATER,
IT'S WET AND IT'S DEEP!"

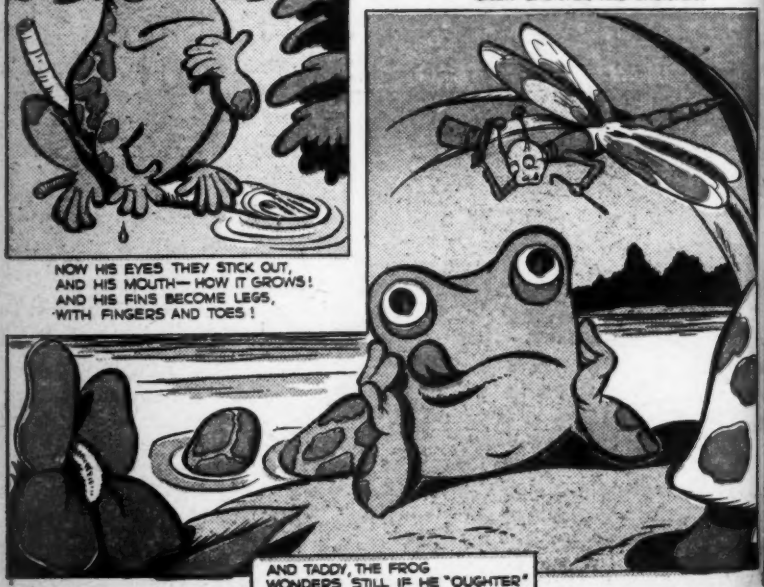
AND THE FISH THEY SPIED TADDY,
CRIED THEY, "HEY, UP THERE!
GET BACK IN THE WATER,
YOU'LL DROWN IN THE AIR!"

SAID TAD, "THIS IS SOMETHING I DON'T UNDERSTAND!" AS HE LAY HALF IN WATER AND HALF ON THE LAND.



"I'LL DROWN IN THE AIR AND I'LL DROWN IN THE WATER," SAID TAD, AS HIS TAIL GREW SHORTER AND SHORTER.

NOW HIS EYES THEY STICK OUT, AND HIS MOUTH— HOW IT GROWS! AND HIS FINS BECOME LEGS, WITH FINGERS AND TOES!



AND TADDY, THE FROG WONDERS STILL IF HE "OUGHTER" GET OUT IN THE AIR OR BACK IN THE WATER!

INSECTS AND THEIR WAYS

There are more insects in the world than all other animals put together.

There are over 600,000 different *kinds* of insects. If you memorized the names of 50 of them each day, it would take you as long as 35 years to learn all of their names.

Grasshoppers sing.

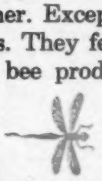
Although they have no voices, grasshoppers make a noise just like singing by rubbing their hind legs together.

Moths fly only at night.

If you saw a moth coming out of its cocoon in the spring, you might easily mistake it for a butterfly. Up until that moment, the moth and the butterfly look and act almost exactly alike. But from then on their difference is remarkable, for most butterflies fly around all day feeding on the nectar of flowers. Then they rest at night. But most moths only fly about during the night. They don't eat a thing. They just lay their eggs, live for a few summer nights, and then die.

Most bees live only one summer.

Only the queen bee lives longer. She is the head of the beehive and all the other bees work for her. Except for a few male bees, all the other bees are called workers. They feed and care for each batch of young bees that the queen bee produces. Then, after working all summer, the workers die.



The dragon-fly does not sting.

It has no stinger, so we don't ever have to be afraid of it. But the dragon-fly is a very dangerous enemy to other insects, which it swoops down on and eats. It has an enormous appetite, and can hold as many as 100 mosquitoes in its mouth at one time.

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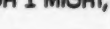
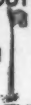
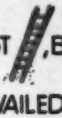
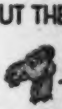
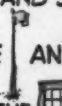
Camille THE FLYING CAMEL

ONCE THERE WAS A CAMEL NAMED CAMILLE. ONE NIGHT, WHEN SAW THE FIRST , SHE SAID,

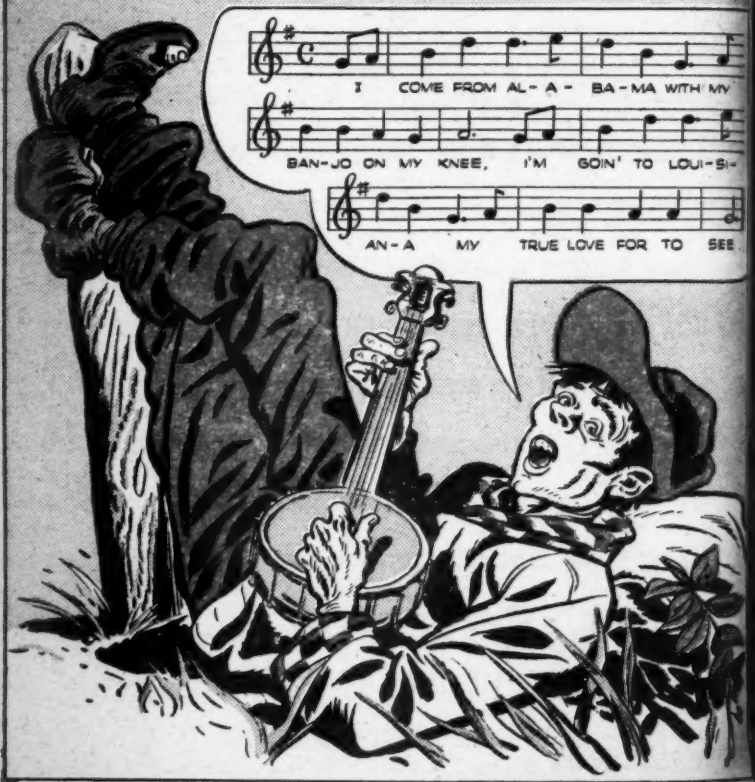
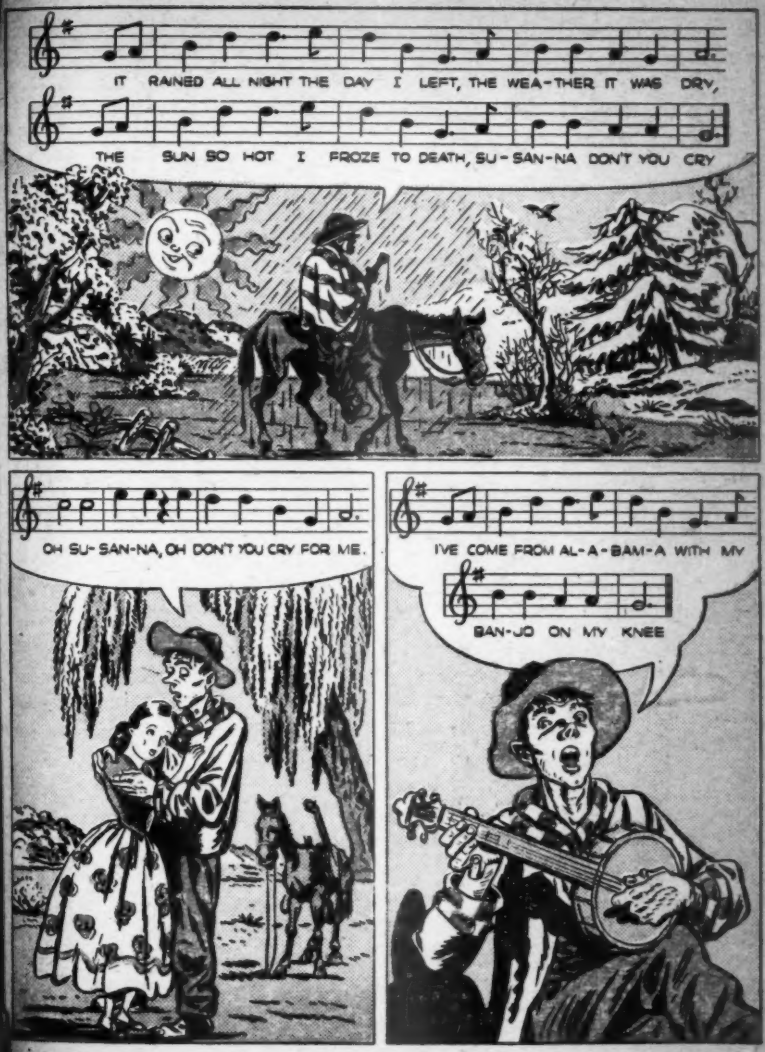
" LIGHT, BRIGHT, FIRST I SEE TONIGHT,
WISH I MAY, WISH I MIGHT, GET THE WISH I WISH TONIGHT.
I WISH I HAD  !"

SURE ENOUGH, THE NEXT MORNING WHEN WOKE UP, SHE HAD TWO WONDERFUL . "HOORAY! I GOT MY WISH," SHOUTED , FLYING OVER THE HIGH IN THE SKY. SHE WAS SO EXCITED THAT SHE NEARLY COLLIDED WITH AN . "I MUST FLY LOWER," TOLD HERSELF. SOON SHE WAS SO BUSY FLYING LOWER THAT SHE DIDN'T NOTICE A NEWLY-PAINTED FLAGPOLE STRAIGHT AHEAD. "LOOK OUT!" SHOUTED A LOOKING DOWN OUT

OF THE OF A TALL . BUT DIDN'T HEAR HIM. SHE FLEW RIGHT INTO THE NEWLY-PAINTED  AND HER GOT STUCK ON THE FRESH PAINT. THE RAN FROM THE AND CALLED THE ON THE . THE CLIMBED ON A AND HURRIED TO RESCUE . THE CLIMBED TO THE TOP OF THEIR TALLEST  , BUT THEY COULD NOT REACH THE TOP OF THE . "OH, DEAR," WAILED  . "I WANT TO GET DOWN. I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE !" AND SHE BEGAN TO CRY. "HER TEARS ARE SPOILING THE PAINT ON THE  AND MELTING HER AWAY," CALLED THE WATCHING FROM THE OF THE TALL . "NOW HOW WILL GET DOWN?" THEN THE HAD AN IDEA. "JUMP!" THEY CALLED, HOLDING OUT A BIG FIREMEN'S NET. SO SHUT HER , HELD HER AND **JUMPED!** D-O-W-N SHE FELL. AND BY THE TIME SHE LANDED IN THE NET, HER WERE GONE! NOW, WHEN SEES THE FIRST EVENING SHE SAYS,

" LIGHT, BRIGHT, FIRST I SEE TONIGHT.
WISH I MAY, WISH I MIGHT,
I THINK I WILL **NOT** WISH TONIGHT."

OH SUSANNA!

A Famous Song by Stephen Foster

IT RAINED ALL NIGHT THE DAY I LEFT, THE WEA-THER IT WAS DRY,
THE SUN SO HOT I FROZE TO DEATH, SU-SAN-NA DON'T YOU CRY
OH SU-SAN-NA, OH DON'T YOU CRY FOR ME.
I'VE COME FROM AL-A-BAM-A WITH MY
BAN-JO ON MY KNEE

The 500 HATS of Bartholomew

Neither King Derwin himself, nor anyone else in the Kingdom of Didd, could ever explain how this strange thing had happened — it just did

By DR. SEUSS

IN THE beginning, Bartholomew Cubbins didn't have five hundred hats. He had only one hat. It was an old one that had belonged to his father and his father's father before him. It was probably the oldest and the plainest hat in the whole Kingdom of Didd, where Bartholomew Cubbins lived. But Bartholomew liked it — especially because of the feather that always pointed straight up in the air.

Just after sunrise one Saturday morning Bartholomew started for town. He felt very happy. A pleasant breeze whistled through the feather in his hat. In his right hand he carried a basket of cranberries to sell at the market. He was anxious to sell them quickly and bring the money back home to his parents.

He walked faster and faster till he got to the gates of the town.

The sound of silver trumpets rang through the air. Hoof beats clattered on the cobbled streets.

"Clear the way! Clear the way! Make way for the King!"

Around the corner dashed fifty trumpeters on yellow-robed horses. Behind them on crimson-robed horses came the King's Own Guards.

"Hats off to the King!" shouted the Captain of the King's Own Guards.

On came the King's carriage — white and gold and purple. It rumbled like thunder through the narrow street.

It swept past Bartholomew. Then suddenly its mighty brakes shrieked. It lurched — and then it stopped. The whole procession stood still.

Bartholomew could hardly believe what he saw. Through the side window of the carriage, the King himself was staring back — straight back at him! Bartholomew began to tremble.

"Back up!" the King commanded the Royal Coachman.

Very slowly the whole procession backed down the street, until the King's carriage stopped right

Cubbins

Dr. Seuss is the gifted author-artist of "And to Think That I Saw It on Mulberry Street" and "The Seven Lady Godivas." This story is reprinted in condensed form from the book of the same name, by permission of Vanguard Press. Copyright 1938 by Dr. Seuss.

". . . 448 . . . 449 . . . 450," counted Sir Alaric.

in front of Bartholomew.

The King leaned from his carriage window and fixed his eyes directly on Bartholomew Cubbins. "Well . . . ? Well . . . ?" he demanded.

Bartholomew shook with fright. "I ought to say something," he thought to himself. But he could think of nothing to say.

"Well?" demanded the King again. "Do you or do you *not* take off your hat before your King?"

"Yes, indeed, Sire," answered Bartholomew, feeling greatly relieved. "I *do* take off my hat before my King."

"Then take it off this very instant," commanded the King more loudly than before.

"But, Sire, my hat *is* off," answered Bartholomew.

"Such impudence!" shouted the King, shaking an angry finger. "How dare you stand there and tell me your hat is off!"

"I don't like to say you are wrong, Sire," said Bartholomew very politely, "but you see my hat *is* off." And he showed the King the hat in his hand.

"If that's your hat in your hand," demanded the King, "what's that on your head?"

"On my head?" gasped Bartholomew. There *did* seem to be something on his head. He reached up his hand and touched a hat!

The face of Bartholomew Cubbins turned very red. "It's a hat, Sire," he stammered, "but it *can't* be mine. Someone behind me must have put it on my head."

"I don't care *how* it got there,"

"I took my hat off, Sire. I took it off twice."

said the King, "You take it off." And the King sat back in his carriage.

Bartholomew quickly snatched off the hat. He stared at it in astonishment. It was exactly the same as his own hat — the same size, the same color. And it had exactly the same feather.

"By the Crown of my Fathers!" roared the King, again leaning out of the carriage window.

"Did I or did I *not* command you to take off your hat?"

"You did, Sire . . . I took it off . . . I took it off twice."

"Nonsense! There is still a hat upon your head."

"Another hat?" Again Bartholomew reached up his hand and touched a hat.

"Come, come, what is the meaning of all this?" demanded the King, his face purple with rage.

"I don't know, Sire," answered Bartholomew. "It never happened to me before."

The King was now shaking with such fury that the carriage rocked on its wheels and the Royal Coachman could hardly sit in his seat. "Arrest this impudent trickster," shouted the King to the Captain of the King's Own Guards. "We'll teach him to take off his hat."

The Captain of the King's Own Guards leaned down from his big brass saddle and grabbed Bartholomew Cubbins by his shirt. Away flew Bartholomew's basket! The cranberries bounced over the cobblestones and rolled down into the gutter.

With a jangling of spurs and a clatter of horseshoes, the Captain and Bartholomew sped up the winding street toward the palace.

Flupp! . . . the sharp wind whisked off Bartholomew's hat. *Flupp Flupp* . . . two more flew off. *Flupp Flupp Flupp* flew another . . . and another . . . " . . . 4 . . . 5 . . . 6 . . . 7 . . ." Bartholomew kept counting as the hats came faster and faster. Lords and ladies stared from the windows of their turrets, wondering what the strange stream of hats could mean.

Over the palace drawbridge they sped — through the great gates and into the courtyard. The Captain pulled in his reins.

"His Majesty waits in the Throne Room," said a guard, saluting the Captain.

"The Throne Room!" The Captain dropped Bartholomew to the ground. "I'd certainly hate to be in your shoes," he said, shaking his head sadly.

For a moment Bartholomew was terribly frightened. "Still," he thought to himself, "the King can do nothing dreadful to punish me, because I really haven't done anything wrong. It would be cowardly to feel afraid."

Bartholomew threw back his shoulders and marched straight ahead into the palace. "Follow the black carpet," said the guard at the door. All through the long hallway Bartholomew could hear the muttering of voices behind heavy doors. "He won't take off his hat?" "No, he won't take off his hat."

The King looked down at Bartholomew severely. "Young man, I'll give you one more chance. Will you take off your hat for your King?"

"Your Majesty," said Bartholomew as politely as he possibly could, "I will — but I'm afraid it won't do any good." And he took off his hat — and it didn't do any good. Another hat sat on Bartholomew's head. He took off hat after hat after hat after hat until he was standing in the middle of a great pile of hats.

"Heavens!" said Sir Alaric, Keeper of the Records, blinking behind his triangular spectacles. "He's taken off 45!"

"And there were 3 more down in the town," said the King.

"And you must add on 87 more that blew off my head as we galloped up the hill," said Bartholomew, trying to be helpful.

"One hundred and thirty-five hats! Most unusual," said Sir Alaric, writing it down on a long scroll.

"Come, come," said the King impatiently. "Sir Alaric, what do you make of all this nonsense?"

"Very *serious* nonsense, Your Majesty," answered Sir Alaric. "I advise you to call in an expert on hats."

"Excellent," agreed the King. "Ho, Guard! Fetch in Sir Snipps, maker of hats for all the fine lords."

Into the Throne Room marched the smallest man, wearing the tallest hat that Bartholomew had ever seen. It was Sir Snipps. Instead of a sword, he wore at his side a large pair of scissors.

"Take a look at this boy's hat," commanded the King. Sir Snipps looked at Bartholomew Cubbins' hat and sniffed in disgust. Then he turned to the King and bowed stiffly. "Your Majesty, I, Sir Snipps, am the maker of hats for all the fine lords. I make hats of cloth of gold, fine silks and gems and ostrich plumes. You ask *me* what I think of *this* hat? Pooh! It is the most ordinary hat I ever set eyes on."

"In that case," said the King, "it should be very simple for you to take it off."

"Simple, indeed," mumbled Sir Snipps haughtily, and, standing on his tiptoes, he pushed his pudgy thumb at Bartholomew's hat and knocked it to the floor. Immediately another appeared on Bartholomew's head.

"Screebees!" screamed Sir Snipps, leaping in the air higher than he was tall. Then he turned and ran shrieking out of the Throne Room.

"Dear me!" said the King, looking very puzzled. "If Snipps can't do it, this *must* be more than an ordinary hat."

"One hundred and thirty-six," wrote Sir Alaric, wrinkling his brow. "Your Majesty, I advise that you call in your Wise Men."

"A fine idea!" said the King. "Ho, Guard! bring me Nadd. Nadd knows about everything in all my kingdom."

In came an old, old man. He looked at the hat on Bartholomew's head, and he looked at the pile of hats on the floor.

"Nadd, my Wise Man, can you take off his hat?" asked the King. Nadd shook his head solemnly — solemnly no.

"Does this mean there is *no one* in my whole kingdom who can take off this boy's hat?" bellowed the King in a terrifying voice.

A small voice came up through the balcony window. "What's the matter, Uncle Derwin?" To Bartholomew, it sounded like the voice of a boy.

The King stepped out on the balcony and leaned over the marble railing. "There's a boy in here . . . just about your age," the King said. "He won't take off his hat."

Bartholomew tiptoed up behind the King and looked down. There stood a boy with a big lace collar — a very proud little boy with his nose in the air. It was the Grand Duke Wilfred, nephew of the King.

"You send him down here," said the Grand Duke Wilfred. "I'll fix him!" The King thought for a minute. He pushed back his crown and scratched his head. "Well . . . maybe you can. There's no harm in trying."

"Take him to the Grand Duke Wilfred!" commanded the King. And two of the King's Own Guards led Bartholomew out of the Throne Room.

"Pooh!" said the Grand Duke Wilfred, looking at Bartholomew's hat and laughing meanly. "*That* hat won't come off? You stand over there." He pointed to a corner where the wall curved out. "I need a little target practise with my bow and arrow."

When Bartholomew saw that the Grand Duke Wilfred had only a child's bow he didn't feel frightened. He spoke up proudly, "*I* can shoot with my father's big bow."

"My bow's plenty big enough for shooting hats — especially hats like yours," answered Wilfred. And he let fly an arrow. ZZZ! . . . it grazed Bartholomew's forehead and nipped off his hat. Away it blew, and over the parapet. But another hat appeared on his head. ZZZ! . . . ZZZ! . . . ZZZ! . . . the arrows flew . . . till the Grand Duke's whole bagful of arrows was gone. And still a hat sat upon Bartholomew's head.

"It's not fair," cried the Grand Duke. "It's not fair!" He threw down his bow and stamped upon it.

"One hundred and fifty-four hats!" gulped Sir Alaric.

"These hats are driving me mad!" The King's voice ran out through all the palace. "Why waste time with a *child's* bow and arrow. Fetch me the mightiest bow and arrow in all my realm — fetch the Yeoman of the Bowmen!"

"Yeoman of the Bowmen," echoed all the lords and noblemen of the court.

A gigantic man strode out across the terrace. His bow was as big as the branch of a tree. The arrow was twice as long as Bartholomew, and thicker than his wrist.

"Yeoman of the Bowmen," said the King, "shoot off this boy's hat . . . and make it *stay* off!"

Bartholomew was trembling so hard that he could scarcely stand straight. The Yeoman bent back his mighty bow.

G — r — r — zibb! . . . Like a mad giant hornet the arrow tore through the air toward Bartholomew Cubbins.

G — r — r — zapp! . . . The sharp arrow head hit through his hat and carried it off — on and on for a full half mile.

G — r — r — zopp! . . . It plunked to a stop in the heart of an oak tree. Yet there on Bartholomew's head sat another hat.

The face of the Yeoman of the Bowmen went white as the palace walls. "It's black magic!" he shrieked.

"Black magic, that's *just* what it is," sighed the King with relief. "I should have thought of that before. That makes things simple. Back to the Throne Room! Call my magicians!"

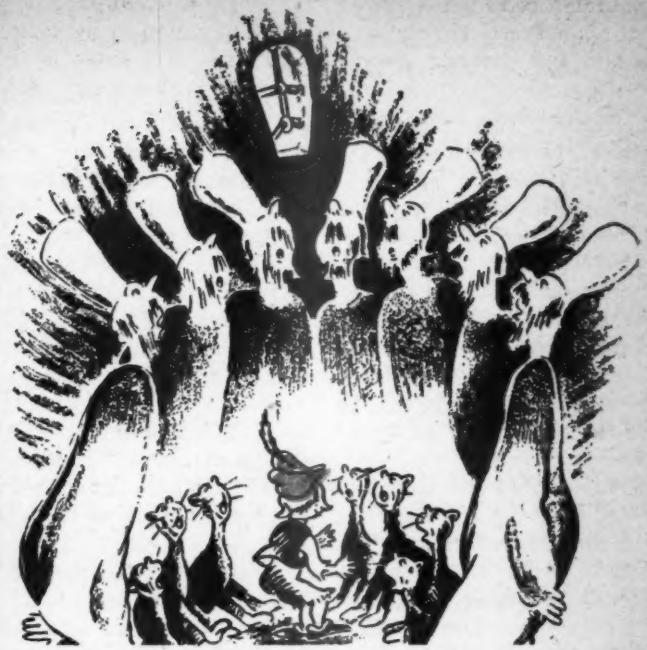
In the whole Throne Room there wasn't a sound as loud as a breath. But from the spiral stairs that led down from the southwest tower came the shuffling of slow, padded feet. The magicians were coming! Low and slow, they were chanting words that were strange . . .

"*Dig a hole five furlongs deep,*
Down to where the night snakes creep,
Mix and mold the mystic mud,
Malber, Balber, Tidder, Tudd."

In came seven black-gowned magicians, and beside each one stalked a lean black cat. They circled around Bartholomew Cubbins muttering deep and mysterious sounds.

"Stop this useless muttering," ordered the King. "I want a chant that will charm away this boy's hat."

The magicians huddled over



"Seep away, creep away, leap away, never come back."

Bartholomew and chanted.

"Winkibus, Tinkibus
Fotichee, Klay,
Hat on this demon's head
Fly far away!
Howl, men, howl away,
Howl away, howl away,
Yowl, cats, yowl away,
Yowl away, yowl away!
Hat on this demon's head,
Seep away, creep away, leap away, gleap away,
Never come back!"

"A mighty good chant," said the King, looking very pleased. "Are you sure it will work?"

All the magicians nodded together.

"But," said the King, looking puzzled, "there still *seems* to be a hat upon his head. How long will it take for the charm to work?"

"*Be calm, oh, Sire, and have no fears,*" chanted the magicians.

"*Our charm will work in ten short years.*"

"*Ten years!*" gasped the King. "Away, fools!" he shouted. "Out

of my sight! I can't wait *ten years* to get rid of his hat. Oh, dear, what *can* I do . . . what CAN I do?"

"If I were King," whispered the Grand Duke Wilfred, "I'd chop off his head."

"A dreadful thought," said the King, biting his lip. "But I'm afraid I'll have to."

"Young man," he said to Bartholomew Cubbins, and he pointed to a small door at the end of the room, "march down those steps to the dungeon and tell the executioner to chop off your head."

Bartholomew's heart sank into his boots, but he did as the King commanded. "I *must* take off my hat," he said to himself as he started down the long black stairway. "This is my last chance." One hat after another he tore from his head ". . . 156 . . . 157 . . . 158 . . ." It grew colder and damper ". . . 217 . . . 218 . . . 219 . . ." Down . . . down . . . down. ". . . 231 . . . 232 . . . 233 . . ." It seemed to Bartholomew he must be in the very heart of the mountain.

"Who's there?" said a voice from the blackness.

Bartholomew turned a corner and stepped into the dungeon.

The executioner was whistling and swinging his axe idly, because at the moment he had nothing to do. In spite of his business, he really seemed to be a very pleasant man.

"The King says you must chop off my head," said Bartholomew.

"Oh, I'd hate to," said the executioner, looking at him with a friendly smile. "You seem like such a nice boy."

"Well . . . the King says you have to," said Bartholomew, "so please get it over with."

"All right," sighed the executioner, "but first you've got to take off your hat."

"Why?" asked Bartholomew.

"I don't know," said the executioner, "but it's one of the rules. I can't execute anyone with his hat on."

"All right," said Bartholomew, "you take it off for me."

The executioner leaned across the chopping block and flipped off Bartholomew's hat.

"What's this?" he gasped, blinking through the holes in his mask, as another hat sat on Bartholomew's head. He flipped this one off . . . then another and another.

"Fiddlesticks!" grunted the executioner, throwing his axe on the floor. "I can't execute you at all." And he shook hands with Bartholomew and sent him upstairs to the King.

The King had been taking a nap on the throne. "What are you

doing back here?" he said to Bartholomew, angry at being awakened.

"I'm sorry, Your Majesty," explained Bartholomew. "My head can't come off with my hat on . . . It's against the rules."

"So it can't," said the King, leaning back wearily. "Now how many hats does that make altogether?"

"The executioner knocked off 13 . . . and I left 178 more on the dungeon steps," answered Bartholomew.

"Three hundred and forty-six hats," mumbled Sir Alaric from behind his scroll.

"Uncle Derwin," yawned the Grand Duke Wilfred, "I suppose I'll have to do away with him. Send him up to the highest turret and I, in person, will push him off."

"Wilfred! I'm surprised at you," said the King. "But I guess it's a good idea."

So the King and the Grand Duke led Bartholomew Cubbins toward the highest turret.

Up and up and up the turret stairs he climbed behind them.

"This is my *last* — my *very last* chance," thought Bartholomew. He snatched off his hat. "Three hundred and forty-seven!" He snatched off another. He pulled and he tore and he flung behind him. ". . . 398 . . . 399 . . ." His arms ached from pulling off hats. But still the hats came. Bartholomew climbed on.

". . . 448 . . . 449 . . . 450 . . ." counted Sir Alaric, puffing up the stairs behind him.

Suddenly Sir Alaric stopped. He looked. He took off his triangular spectacles and wiped them on his sleeve. And then he looked again. *The hats began to change!* Hat 451 had, not one, but *two* feathers! Hat 452 had three . . . and 453 also had three *and a little red jewel!* Each new hat was fancier than the hat just before.

"Your Majesty! Your Majesty!" cried out Sir Alaric.

But the King and the Grand Duke were 'way up where they couldn't hear. They had already reached the top of the highest turret. Bartholomew was following just behind.

"Step right out here and get out on that wall," snapped the Grand Duke Wilfred. "I can't wait to push you off."

But when Bartholomew stepped up on the wall they gasped in amazement. He was wearing the most beautiful hat that had ever been seen in the Kingdom of Didd. It had a ruby larger than any the King himself had ever owned. It had ostrich plumes, and cockatoo plumes, and mockingbird plumes, and paradise plumes. Beside *such* a hat even the King's

Crown seemed like nothing.

The Grand Duke Wilfred took a quick step forward. Bartholomew thought his end had come at last.

"Wait!" shouted the King. He could not take his eyes off the magnificent hat.

"I *won't* wait," the Grand Duke talked back to the King. "I'm going to push him off now! That new big hat makes me madder than ever." And he flung out his arms to push Bartholomew off.

But the King was quicker than Wilfred. He grabbed him by the back of his fine lace collar. "This is to teach you," His Majesty said sternly, "that Grand Dukes *never* talk back to their King." And he turned the Grand Duke Wilfred over his knee and spanked him soundly, right on the seat of his royal silk pants.

"And now," smiled the King, lifting Bartholomew down from the wall, "it would be nice if you'd sell me that wonderful hat!"

". . . 498 . . . 499 . . ." broke in the tired voice of Sir Alaric, who had just arrived at the top of the steps, "and *that* . . ." he pointed to the hat on Bartholomew's head, "makes exactly 500!"

"*Five hundred!*" exclaimed the King. "Will you sell it for 500 pieces of gold?"

"Anything you say, Sire," answered Bartholomew. "You see . . . I've never sold one before."

The King's hands trembled with joy as he reached for the hat.

Slowly, slowly, Bartholomew felt the weight of the great hat lifting from his head. He held his breath. . . . Then suddenly he felt the cool evening breezes blow through his hair. His face broke into a happy smile. The head of Bartholomew Cubbins was bare!

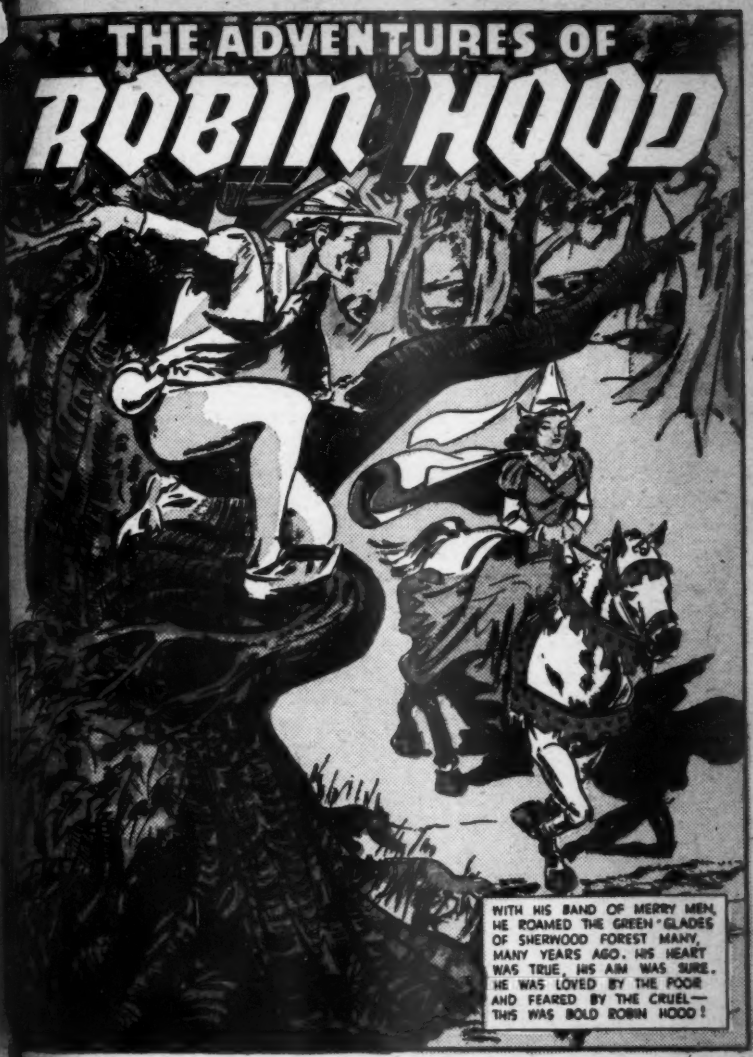
"Look, Your Majesty! *Look!*" he shouted to the King.

"No! *You* look at *me*," answered the King. And he put the great hat right over his crown.

Arm in arm, the King and Bartholomew went down to the counting room to count out the gold. Then the King sent Bartholomew home to his parents . . . no basket on his arm, no hat on his head, but with five hundred pieces of gold in a bag.

And the King commanded that the hat he had bought, and all the other hats, too, be kept forever in a great crystal case by the side of his throne.

But neither Bartholomew Cubbins, nor King Derwin himself, nor anyone else in the Kingdom of Didd could ever explain how the strange thing had happened. They only could say it just "happened to happen" and was not likely to happen again.


THE ADVENTURES OF
ROBIN HOOD
WITH HIS BAND OF MERRY MEN, HE ROAMED THE GREEN GLADES OF SHERWOOD FOREST MANY, MANY YEARS AGO. HIS HEART WAS TRUE, HIS AIM WAS SURE. HE WAS LOVED BY THE POOR AND FEARED BY THE CRUEL— THIS WAS BOLD ROBIN HOOD!

WHEN GOOD KING RICHARD, THE LION-HEARTED, LEFT ENGLAND FOR LANDS BEYOND THE SEA, HIS EVIL BROTHER JOHN, BECAME RULER IN HIS PLACE. AND THEN CRUEL AND GREEDY NOBLES BECAME OUTLAWS WHO PREYED UPON THE POOR AND THE WEAK.
ONE DAY, BEAUTIFUL MAID MARION RODE INTO SHERWOOD FOREST. LYING IN WAIT TO ROB TRAVELERS, WAS SIR ROGER, ONE OF THE GREEDIEST OF THE NOBLES.
SIR ROGER! SOME TRAVELERS ARE COMING THIS WAY!
GOOD! WE SHALL ROB THEM AND KEEP THEIR MONEY!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE OUTLAWS ATTACKED!
WE ARE SURROUNDED!
GIVE US YOUR MONEY, OR YOU WILL NOT LIVE TO TELL THIS TALE!
COWARDLY SIR ROGER HIMSELF TRIED TO ROB THE NOBLE MAID.
HELP! HELP!
A WOMAN'S SCREAM FOR HELP!
RUNNING LIKE A DEER, ROBIN SPED THROUGH THE FOREST!
FAST, ROBIN, FAST!
THE NEXT INSTANT, ROBIN'S ARROW STRUCK THE KNIFE, KNOCKING IT FROM THE COWARDLY SIR ROGER'S HAND!

WITH A MIGHTY LEAP, ROBIN REACHED THE LIMB OF A TREE!

MOVING QUICKLY AND QUIETLY, ROBIN LEAPED ON SIR ROGER!

I CANNOT SEE WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE WITH THAT HELMET ON YOUR FACE!

NOW THAT I SEE YOUR FACE, I FIND I DO NOT LIKE IT AT ALL!

SO I SHALL DO MY BEST TO CHANGE IT!

HAVING OVERPOWERED THE EVIL KNIGHT, ROBIN LEAPED TO HIS FEET!

NOW ROBIN FOUND HIMSELF FACING THREE MORE OUTLAWS.
DON'T BE AFRAID OF HIM!
HE'S ONLY A BOY!
SUDDENLY, AN OUTLAW SWUNG HIS HEAVY WOODEN QUARTER-STAFF AT ROBIN'S HEAD.
THIS WILL FINISH YOU!
OOH!
I'M AFRAID YOU MISSED, BUT I WON'T!
THANK YOU FOR THE PRESENT! NOW I SHALL SHOW YOU HOW TO BEST MAKE USE OF IT!
AND WHO SHALL BE THE NEXT TO LEARN?
HE IS A DEVIL!
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!
AND THE OUTLAWS RAN OFF INTO THE FOREST!

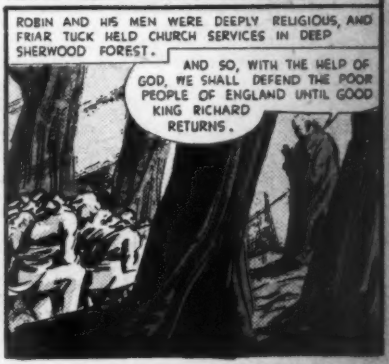
NOW LEAVE SHERWOOD FOREST AND STAY OUT!
I WILL SEE YOU SUFFER FOR THIS!
ROBIN HOOD, YOU HAVE SAVED MY LIFE!
A GREAT HONOR, FAIR MAID MARIAN
DID YOU KNOW IT WAS SIR ROGER, A FRIEND OF THE EVIL KING JOHN, WHO ATTACKED US? HE WILL HAVE MANY POWERFUL MEN AFTER YOU FROM NOW ON!
IT IS TIME THAT SOMEONE FOUGHT THESE ROBBERS. FROM NOW ON, I SHALL DO IT! AND THERE WILL BE MANY MEN WHO WILL JOIN ME!
SOON MANY FINE, HONEST MEN JOINED ROBIN HOOD'S BAND IN SHERWOOD FOREST. BEFORE LONG, HE HAD A BAND OF LOYAL MEN WITH HIM, AND POOR PEOPLE ALL OVER ENGLAND PRAYED FOR THEM!

ONE DAY ROBIN GATHERED HIS MEN BEFORE HIM.
WE ARE FIGHTING AGAINST CLEVER MEN, SO WE MUST BE CLEVER TOO. I WANT EACH OF YOU TO PUT ON THE CLOTHING I HAVE HAD MADE FOR YOU.
THE COSTUMES WERE MADE OF GREEN, THE COLOR OF THE LEAVES AND GRASS.

YOU MUST BEWARE OF DRY TWIGS! WHEN YOU STEP ON ONE, IT CAN BE HEARD BY YOUR ENEMIES!

ROBIN'S MEN LEARNED TO BECOME EXPERTS WITH BOW AND ARROW.
HOLD YOUR BOWS STEADY. MAKE EVERY SHOT GOOD!

HE TAUGHT HIS MEN TO FIGHT WITH THE HEAVY, WOODEN STICKS CALLED QUARTER-STAVES.
THE EVIL FRIENDS OF KING JOHN USE THESE—SO MUST WE!


ROBIN AND HIS MEN WERE DEEPLY RELIGIOUS, AND FRIAR TUCK HELD CHURCH SERVICES IN DEEP SHERWOOD FOREST.
AND SO, WITH THE HELP OF GOD, WE SHALL DEFEND THE POOR PEOPLE OF ENGLAND UNTIL GOOD KING RICHARD RETURNS.

BUT MEANWHILE, IN A CASTLE OUTSIDE SHERWOOD...
EVIL SIR ROGER PLOTTED WITH THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM.
ROBIN HOOD IS A DANGEROUS MAN! WE MUST GET RID OF HIM OR WE CANNOT ROB THE POOR ANY MORE!
WHY CAN'T YOUR MEN CATCH ROBIN, SHERIFF?
WE HAVE TRIED! BUT HE IS TOO CLEVER FOR US! WE SHALL HAVE TO TRY ANOTHER WAY!
AS THE MEN TALKED, A STRANGE FIGURE ENTERED THE HALL!
HAVE YOU SOME PLAN TO TRAP HIM?
YES, HE IS A FINE MARKSMAN WITH A BOW AND ARROW. IF WE HOLD A CONTEST, HE WILL SURELY ENTER IT.
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I COME TO SELL FINE POTS AND PANS? WILL YOU BUY SOME?
THROW THE MAN OUT AT ONCE!
IF THEY ONLY KNEW THAT I HAVE FOUND OUT WHAT I WANTED TO KNOW!

THE NEXT MORNING...
WHAT DID YOU LEARN, MY FRIEND?
THEY ARE PLANNING TO CAPTURE YOU BY HOLDING AN ARCHERY CONTEST. THEY THINK YOU WILL BE THERE!

BUT ROBIN HOOD DECIDED TO ATTEND THE CONTEST!
HELP ME INTO THE PEDDLER'S CLOTHES.
HERE, PUT SOME MUD ON YOUR FACE.
AND, MADE UP TO LOOK LIKE THE PEDDLER, ROBIN SET OUT FOR TOWN.

AS ROBIN SET OFF FOR NOTTINGHAM, SOME OF HIS MEN HELD A QUICK MEETING.
OUR LEADER WILL BE IN GREAT DANGER!
LET US DISGUISE OURSELVES AND FOLLOW HIM!
WE MUST! AND IF THEY RECOGNIZE HIM, WE SHALL FIGHT FOR HIS LIFE!
THAT AFTERNOON, ROBIN REACHED TOWN...

HA, HA! IMAGINE **YOU** ENTERING THE ARCHERY CONTEST! WELL, OLD FOOL, IT'S JUST A FEW HUNDRED YARDS OUTSIDE OF TOWN.

ROBIN ARRIVED AT THE SCENE OF THE CONTEST.
IS THIS WHERE THE TOURNAMENT IS TO BE HELD?
THAT IS RIGHT, OLD ONE. HA, HA!
DO YOU THINK YOU CAN SHOOT AN ARROW FAR ENOUGH TO EVEN HIT THE TARGET?

ON HIS WAY TO THE LINE WHERE THE ARCHERS WERE TO SHOOT, ROBIN PASSED THE JUDGES.
A MERRY DAY, YOUR HONORS. WISH ME LUCK.
HE WILL NEED MORE THAN LUCK, EH, SIR ROGER?
YES, SHERIFF. THAT FOOL PEDDLER IS CRAZIER THAN I THOUGHT!

THE ARCHERY CONTEST BEGAN.
I'M NOT USED TO THIS SPORT. HOW SHOULD I STAND?
FOOL! GET YOUR FOOT BACK BEHIND THIS LINE!
THE CONTEST WENT ON FOR HOURS, AND FINALLY...
ONLY TWO MEN WERE LEFT. ONE WAS THE SHERIFF'S BEST ARCHER...THE OTHER-THE "PEDDLER"!
YOU SHOOT FIRST, GOOD SIR! I AM ONLY A PEDDLER.
OUT OF MY WAY, PEDDLER!
THE SHERIFF'S ARCHER SET THE ARROW SQUARELY IN THE CENTER OF THE TARGET.
THAT IS A PERFECT SHOT! NOBODY COULD BEAT THAT!
WHY DO YOU TRY, FOOL PEDDLER? HIS ARROW IS IN THE CENTER!
BUT A SECOND LATER, ROBIN'S ARROW SPLIT THE

THIS MAN IS ROBIN HOOD! NO ONE ELSE IN ENGLAND COULD HAVE MADE THAT SHOT!
AT LAST WE HAVE CAUGHT HIM!
SO YOU THINK SO, EH? TAKE THIS!
RUN, ROBIN! THERE ARE MORE OF YOUR MEN HERE!
LIKE LIGHTNING, OTHERS OF ROBIN HOOD'S MEN APPEARED. CAREFULLY, ROBIN AND HIS MEN WITHDREW TO SAFETY.
LOOK! HIS MEN APPEAR FROM NOWHERE! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!
THE WAY THEY SHOOT THOSE ARROWS! NONE DARES TO STOP THEM!
AND ROBIN HOOD AND HIS BRAVE MEN FOUGHT THEIR WAY BACK TO THEIR FOREST HOME. A CELEBRATION WAS HELD AND ROBIN ADDRESSED HIS MEN . . .
THANK YOU, MY BRAVE FRIENDS. THE SHERIFF, SIR ROGER, AND ALL THOSE WHO ROB THE POOR SHALL KNOW THAT AS LONG AS WE LIVE WE SHALL PROTECT THE WEAK AGAINST THE STRONG. NOW FEAST WELL, FOR WE NEED OUR STRENGTH FOR THE NEXT MEETING WITH OUR ENEMIES!

WORD PUZZLE

Answer on page 122

When you have filled the squares with the letters spelling the word described, you will have spelled out a tiny poem that children love.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33
34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44
45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55
56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66

23-5-26-62-66 Full of stories.
19-9-6-57-7-56-64-52 Carries people in the air.
38-48-8-63-44 We can hear Jack Benny on it.
60-45-1-17-22-12-51-34-15-39 Takes us for long rides in the country.
4-2-30-28-41-29-44-37-42-3 Name of the President's home.
10-1-24-53-35-54-43-9-58 Carries people across the ocean.
13-21-20-31-59 What a clown should be.
32-14-49-50 A sea bird.
16-19-47 A Scotch word for boy.
46-53-33-36 A Scotch word for girl.
25-14-18-27 What Queen Elizabeth wore about her neck.
61-55-44-40 We see it in a theatre.
11-44-20-65 We sing it.

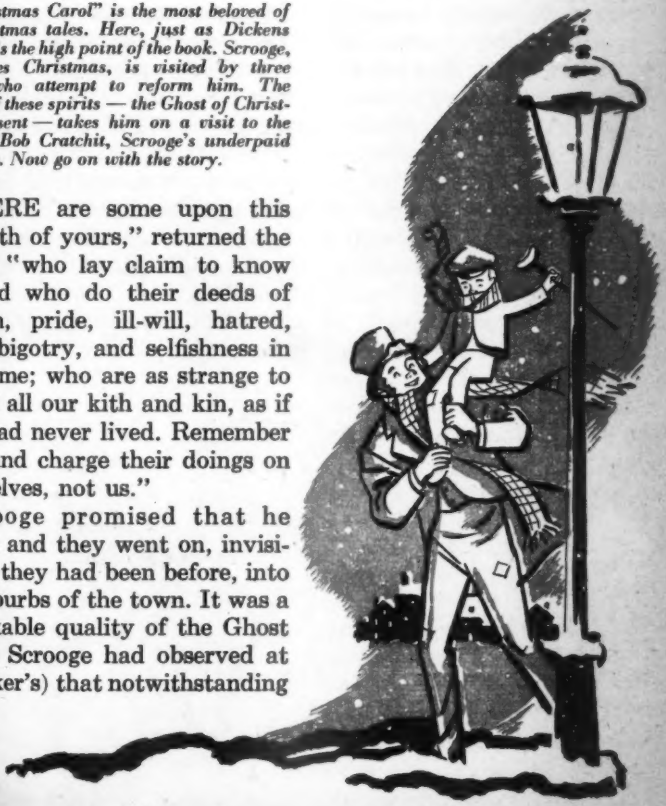
From "The Sky Blue Puzzle Book," published by Sam'l Gabriel Sons & Co.

The Cratchits' Christmas Dinner

From A CHRISTMAS CAROL

By CHARLES DICKENS

"A Christmas Carol" is the most beloved of all Christmas tales. Here, just as Dickens wrote it, is the high point of the book. Scrooge, who hates Christmas, is visited by three spirits who attempt to reform him. The second of these spirits — the Ghost of Christmas Present — takes him on a visit to the home of Bob Cratchit, Scrooge's underpaid employee. Now go on with the story.



"THERE are some upon this earth of yours," returned the Spirit, "who lay claim to know us, and who do their deeds of passion, pride, ill-will, hatred, envy, bigotry, and selfishness in our name; who are as strange to us and all our kith and kin, as if they had never lived. Remember that, and charge their doings on themselves, not us."

Scrooge promised that he would; and they went on, invisible, as they had been before, into the suburbs of the town. It was a remarkable quality of the Ghost (which Scrooge had observed at the baker's) that notwithstanding

his gigantic size, he could accommodate himself to any place with ease; and that he stood beneath a low roof quite as gracefully and like a supernatural creature, as it was possible he could have done in any lofty hall.

And perhaps it was the pleasure the good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his robe; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinkling of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "Bob" a-week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable Parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelled the goose and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage-and-onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes bubbling up knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father then?" said Mrs.

There was the goose! Such

Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half-an-hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas, for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high

a bustle occurred that you might have thought a goose the rarest of birds.

spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made the lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty. His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool before the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs — as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby — compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course — and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all

along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by the apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish) they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits, in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone — too nervous to bear witness — to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in the turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the backyard, and stolen it while they were merry with the goose — a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered — flushed, but smiling proudly — with the pudding like a speckled cannon-ball so hard and firm blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and

and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass. Two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

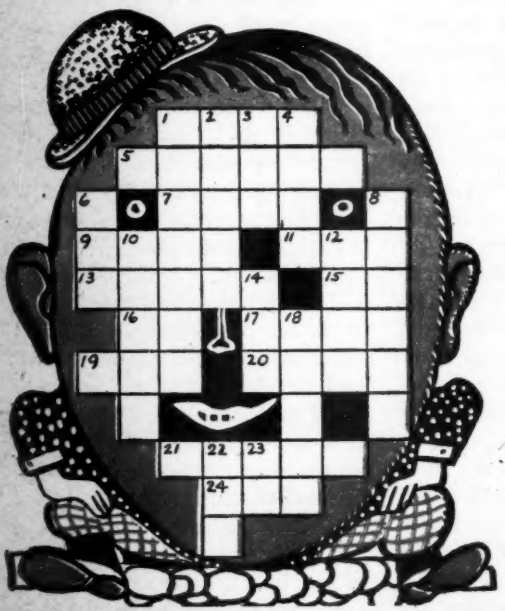
"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

HUMPTY DUMPTY

Solution on page 122



Across

1. Place to deposit money
5. Sixtieth part of a minute
7. Secret writing
9. Distant; away
11. An age in history
13. English money
15. Either
16. You and me
17. Having nothing to do
19. Single thing
20. Chums
21. Tired out
24. Some

Down

1. For that reason
2. Nut of an oak tree
3. Droop or bend from sleepiness
4. Joint in the middle part of the leg
6. Geographical chart
8. Stroke lovingly
10. Discovered; recovered
12. Turn over and over
14. Immerse quickly and temporarily in water
18. A place where milk is made into butter and cheese
22. Devour; consume
23. Another form of the word *a*

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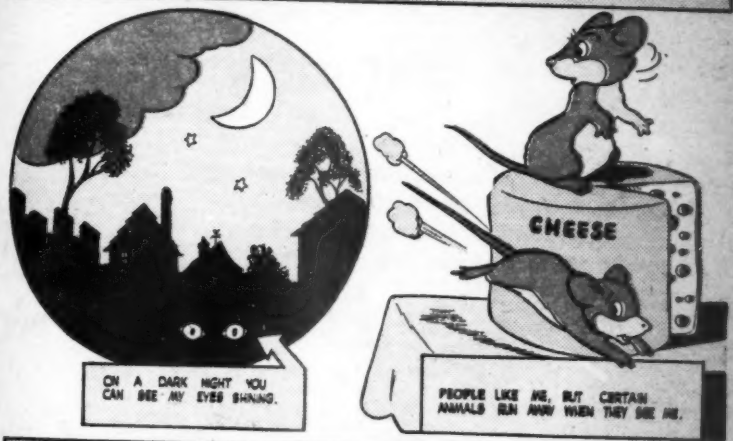
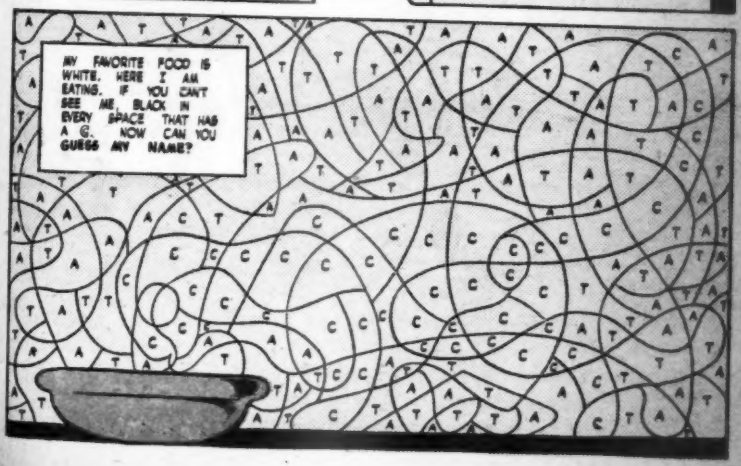
BE A DETECTIVE! FOLLOW THE CLUES AND

GUESS MY NAME





FATHER WILLIAM

By LEWIS CARROLL

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head —
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

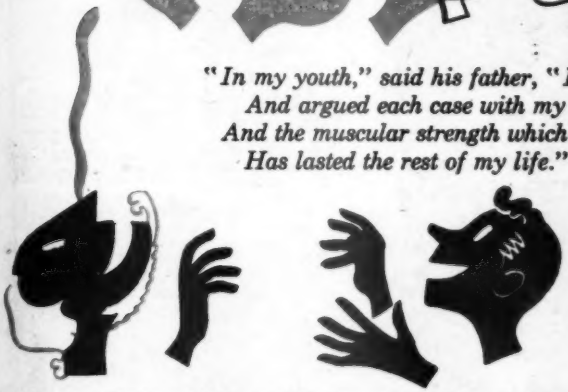
"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
"I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door —
Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,
"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment — one shilling the box —
Allow me to sell you a couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak:
Pray, how do you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife:
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life."



"You are old," said the youth; "one would hardly suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose —
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father, "don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down-stairs!"

UNITED NATIONS PEACEMAKER

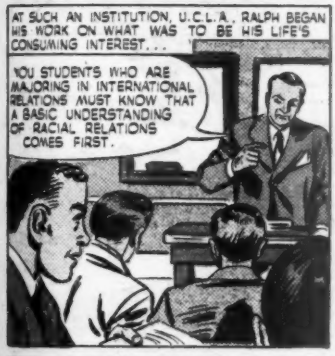
RALPH J. BUNCHE

ON DECEMBER 10th, RALPH J. BUNCHE WILL BE PRESENTED WITH THE 1950 NOBEL PEACE PRIZE. A GRATEFUL WORLD WILL HONOR THE MAN WHO BROUGHT PEACE TO THE NEAR EAST. ACTING AS U.N. MEDIATOR, DR. BUNCHE, BY TACT AND PATIENCE --- AGAINST FEARFUL ODDS --- NEGOTIATED AN ARMISTICE BETWEEN THE JEWS AND ARABS, AND ALLOWED ALL PEOPLE TO BREATHE EASIER. WHAT KIND OF A MAN PRODUCED THIS MIRACLE?

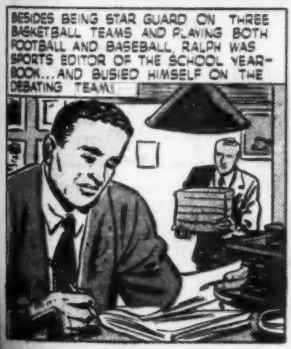
HE WAS THE GRANDSON OF A SLAVE, THE SON OF A DETROIT BARBER...
THE DOCTOR SAYS THAT IF WE DON'T GET TO A BETTER CLIMATE THAN DETROIT MY HEALTH WILL FAIL...
I GUESS PEOPLE HAVE TO GET THEIR HAIR CUT IN DRY CLIMATES, TOO.

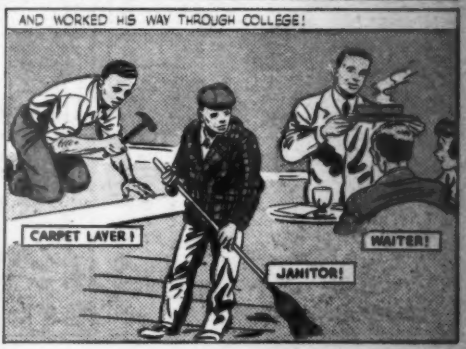
RALPH CERTAINLY GREW! BUT IN 1916, HE WAS ORPHANED AND FOR THE REST OF HIS CHILDHOOD HE WAS RAISED BY HIS GRANDMOTHER...IN LOS ANGELES..
GRANDMA, HOW COME YOU GET SO MUCH DONE? FOR A TINY BIT OF A WOMAN YOU'RE THE STRONGEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN.
STRENGTH DOESN'T COME FROM SIZE, RALPH...DON'T EVER THINK THAT. STRENGTH COMES FROM INSIDE YOU.

BY 1922 RALPH RECEIVED THE FIRST OF HIS MANY "FIRSTS"..HE GRADUATED FROM JEFFERSON HIGH SCHOOL WITH HIGHEST HONORS...HE WAS CLASS VALEDICTORIAN..
AND SO WE LEAVE THESE HALLS TO GO ON...SOME OF US TO INSTITUTIONS OF HIGHER LEARNING...


AT SUCH AN INSTITUTION, U.C.L.A., RALPH BEGAN HIS WORK ON WHAT WAS TO BE HIS LIFE'S CONSUMING INTEREST...
YOU STUDENTS WHO ARE MAJORING IN INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS MUST KNOW THAT A BASIC UNDERSTANDING OF RACIAL RELATIONS COMES FIRST.

THIS WAS IT! RALPH BUNCHE HAD FOUND WHAT WAS TO BE HIS NICHE...BUT BEFORE HE WAS RECOGNIZED AS ONE OF THE WORLD'S OUTSTANDING AUTHORITIES ON RACIAL RELATIONS THERE WAS A LOT TO DO IN COLLEGE...


BESIDES BEING STAR GUARD ON THREE BASKETBALL TEAMS AND PLAYING BOTH FOOTBALL AND BASEBALL, RALPH WAS SPORTS EDITOR OF THE SCHOOL YEAR-BOOK...AND BUSIED HIMSELF ON THE DEBATING TEAM!


AND WORKED HIS WAY THROUGH COLLEGE!
CARPET LAYER!
WAITER!
JANITOR!

A FEW SCHOLARSHIPS FINALLY EASED SOME OF THE HARD WORK AND IN 1927 HE GRADUATED...
GLAD YOU MADE IT, RALPH...SUMMA CUM LAUDE, TOO... ALL MY CONGRATULATIONS...
THANK YOU, SIR.
BESIDES ALL THIS, HE WAS NOW A MEMBER OF PHI BETA KAPPA... NOT SATISFIED, RALPH WENT ON TO HARVARD. HIS TUITION WAS PAID FOR BY A PURSE OF A THOUSAND DOLLARS THAT HIS TOWNSPEOPLE GATHERED FOR HIM!
THIS IS WHERE I REALLY BEGIN TO WORK!
AT HARVARD, RALPH BUNCHE AGAIN MADE A NAME FOR HIMSELF. HE RECEIVED HIS M.A. IN 1928 AND THEN...WENT ON TO HOWARD U. THIS TIME, HOWEVER, HE WENT AS AN ASSISTANT PROFESSOR, NOT AS A STUDENT.
THE BASIC CONCEPTS OF POLITICAL SCIENCE THEN, CAN BE SUMMARIZED BRIEFLY THIS WAY...
SOON MADE A FULL PROFESSOR, RALPH, STILL HARD AT WORK DECIDED THAT THE ONLY WAY TO GET HIS PH. D. WAS TO STUDY IN THE FIELD! THIS FIELD WORK TOOK HIM TO AFRICA
THE ONLY WAY I CAN DO MY THESIS IS TO DO RESEARCH, NOT FROM BOOKS, BUT ON THE SPOT!
HIS ROUTE LEAD THROUGH WEST AND NORTH AFRICA...EVERYWHERE HE SAW CONDITIONS THAT SICKENED HIM.
RETURNING TO AMERICA HIS REPORT SHOWED HIS DISSATISFACTION.
FOR HIS THESIS, RALPH BUNCHE' GOT, NOT ONLY HIS DOCTOR'S DEGREE IN GOVERNMENT, BUT THE TOPPAN PRIZE FOR THE BEST ESSAY IN THE SOCIAL SCIENCES...
THIS IS MORE, MUCH MORE, THAN I EXPECTED.

HONORS DESCENDED ON THIS MODEST MAN IN GREATER AND GREATER NUMBERS... IT WOULD TAKE PAGES TO SHOW THEM ALL... A FELLOWSHIP IN ANTHROPOLOGY... ANOTHER FELLOWSHIP THAT GAVE HIM A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD AS A STAFF MEMBER OF THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION.

BY 1940 HE WAS CHIEF ASSISTANT TO GUNNAR MYRDAL, THE SWEDISH SOCIOLOGIST WHO STUDIED NEGRO-WHITE RELATIONS IN AMERICA... THESE STUDIES WERE NOT MADE IN ANY UNIVERSITY... THE TWO MEN WENT OUT AND MET PEOPLE...

THIS IS OUR BIG PROBLEM HERE IN AMERICA, MR. MYRDAL.

IN 1941, AT THE OUTBREAK OF WAR... HE WENT TO WORK FOR THE O.S.S.

AS A RESULT OF HIS EARLY O.S.S. WORK HE ENDED THE WAR ATTACHED TO THE STATE DEPARTMENT. HE WAS THE FIRST NEGRO TO HOLD AN IMPORTANT "DESK JOB" WITH THAT DEPARTMENT!

MR. BUNCHE, AS AN EXPERT IN COLONIAL AFFAIRS, WE FEEL YOU CAN HELP US IN THIS PROBLEM...

IT WAS A FEW MONTHS AFTER THIS THAT THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR SAID OF HIM, "THIS MEANS THAT HE KNOWS ABOUT ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ON THE SUBJECT OF COLONIAL TRUSTEESHIP..."

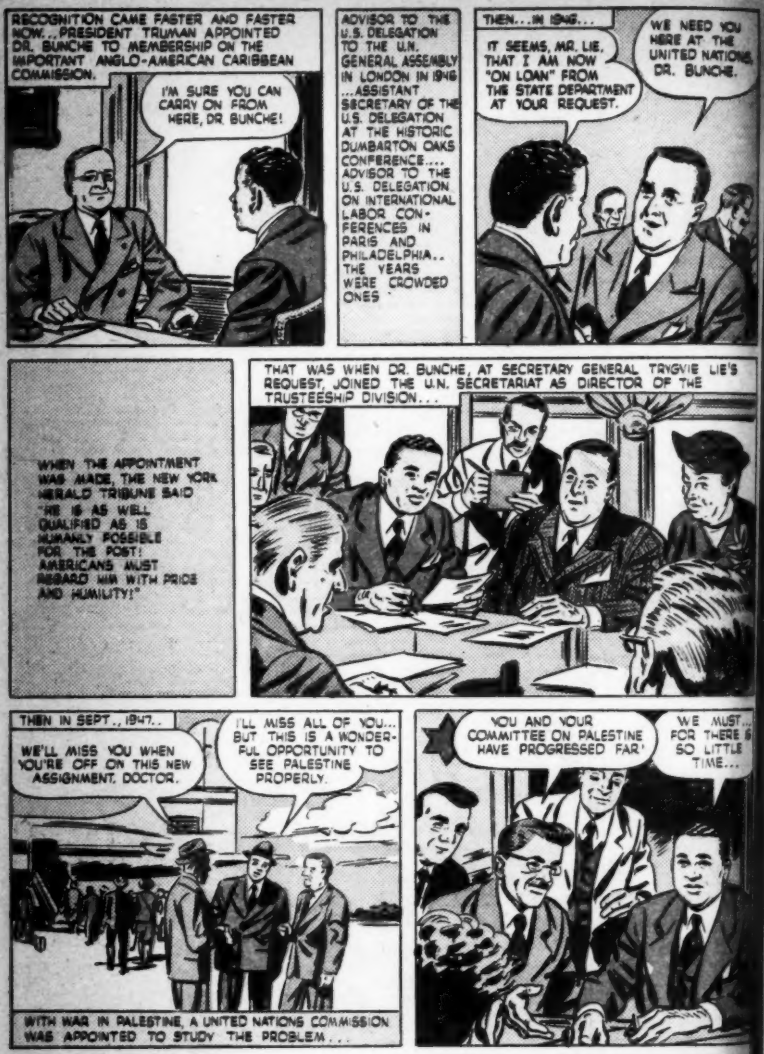
I WISH I DID!

THEN CAME STILL ANOTHER "FIRST" FOR THIS REMARKABLE MAN. HE BECAME THE FIRST NEGRO TO HOLD THE POST OF ACTING CHIEF IN A STATE DEPARTMENT OFFICE...

AS FAR AS I CAN SEE OUR NEXT MOST IMPORTANT STEP MUST BE THE UNITED NATIONS...

OF COURSE. I HEAR YOU'RE GOING OUT TO SAN FRANCISCO TO SIT IN ON THE BEGINNING OF THE U.N.

AT THAT HISTORIC CONFERENCE RALPH WAS BUSY BEHIND THE SCENES... HE SET SOME KIND OF UNOFFICIAL RECORD FOR ATTENDING INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCES. ...NINE OF THEM WITHIN FOUR YEARS!


RECOGNITION CAME FASTER AND FASTER NOW.. PRESIDENT TRUMAN APPOINTED DR. BUNCHE TO MEMBERSHIP ON THE IMPORTANT ANGLO-AMERICAN CARIBBEAN COMMISSION.
I'M SURE YOU CAN CARRY ON FROM HERE, DR BUNCHE!
ADVISOR TO THE U.S. DELEGATION TO THE U.N. GENERAL ASSEMBLY IN LONDON IN 1946 ...ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE U.S. DELEGATION AT THE HISTORIC DUMBARTON OAKS CONFERENCE... ADVISOR TO THE U.S. DELEGATION ON INTERNATIONAL LABOR CONFERENCES IN PARIS AND PHILADELPHIA.. THE YEARS WERE CROWDED ONES
THEN...IN 1946...
IT SEEMS, MR. LIE, THAT I AM NOW "ON LOAN" FROM THE STATE DEPARTMENT AT YOUR REQUEST.
WE NEED YOU HERE AT THE UNITED NATIONS, DR. BUNCHE.
WHEN THE APPOINTMENT WAS MADE, THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE SAID "HE IS AS WELL QUALIFIED AS IS HUMANLY POSSIBLE FOR THE POST! AMERICANS MUST REGARD HIM WITH PRIDE AND HUMILITY!"
THAT WAS WHEN DR. BUNCHE, AT SECRETARY GENERAL TRYGVIE LIE'S REQUEST, JOINED THE U.N. SECRETARIAT AS DIRECTOR OF THE TRUSTEESHIP DIVISION...
THEN IN SEPT., 1947..
WE'LL MISS YOU WHEN YOU'RE OFF ON THIS NEW ASSIGNMENT, DOCTOR.
I'LL MISS ALL OF YOU... BUT THIS IS A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY TO SEE PALESTINE PROPERLY.
WITH WAR IN PALESTINE, A UNITED NATIONS COMMISSION WAS APPOINTED TO STUDY THE PROBLEM...
YOU AND YOUR COMMITTEE ON PALESTINE HAVE PROGRESSED FAR!
WE MUST... FOR THERE IS SO LITTLE TIME...

AS A RESULT OF THE STUDY OF THE COMMISSION WHICH RECOMMENDED PARTITION...
THE COUNTRY MUST BE DIVIDED INTO JEWISH AND ARAB STATES. IT IS THE ONLY POSSIBLE SOLUTION.

DR. BUNCHE IS CREDITED WITH HAVING DRAFTED THE LION'S SHARE OF THAT HISTORIC REPORT...
THERE...THAT SHOULD TIE UP ALL THE LOOSE ENDS, I HOPE.

THIS SHORT BIOGRAPHY LEAVES NO ROOM TO MENTION THE MANY ARTICLES THAT HAVE POURED FROM DR. BUNCHE ON COLONIAL POLICY, RACE RELATIONS, TRUSTEESHIP... AND THE LIKE... THEY HAVE APPEARED IN ALL KINDS OF PUBLICATIONS AND BOOKS.

MARRIED FOR NINETEEN YEARS HE HAS ONLY ONE BESETTING WORRY...
LOOK AT ME..ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY POUNDS...I'M SLOWED DOWN SO THAT ABOUT THE TOUGHEST EXERCISE I CAN STAND IS BILLIARDS.
WHY DON'T YOU GET OUT YOUR FISHING TACKLE, RALPH ? YOU MAY NOT CATCH ANY FISH, BUT IT WILL BE RESTFUL.

RALPH BUNCHE RETURNED TO THE U.S. IN APRIL, 1949---BUT NOT TO TAKE A WELL-DESERVED REST. HE RESUMED HIS EXACTING DUTIES AT THE U.N.
WELL...MAYBE NEXT YEAR THERE WILL BE MORE TIME.

AND SO NOW YOU KNOW JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE ABOUT THE BACKGROUND OF THE MAN WHO MORE THAN ANY OTHER ONE PERSON WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR PEACE IN PALESTINE. HE RICHLY DESERVES THE 1950 NOBEL PEACE PRIZE---THE FIRST NEGRO TO WIN THIS AWARD.

RALPH J. BUNCHE, GREAT AMERICAN, ATHLETE, SCHOLAR AND PEACEMAKER EXTRAORDINARY IN A WORLD THAT NEEDS SUCH MEN DESPERATELY...

The Sun

The following editorial, which appeared in "The New York Sun" for the first time in 1897, is probably the most famous newspaper article ever published. It was written by Frank Church, and for many, many years appeared in "The Sun" as a regular Christmas editorial.

Is There a Santa Claus?

WE TAKE pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of THE SUN:

DEAR EDITOR — I am 8 years old.
Some of my little friends say there is no SANTA CLAUS.
Papa says 'If you see it in THE SUN it's so.'
Please tell me the truth, is there a SANTA CLAUS?

VIRGINIA O'HANLON.
115 West Ninety-fifth street.

VIRGINIA, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except what they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, VIRGINIA, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, VIRGINIA, there is a SANTA CLAUS. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no SANTA CLAUS! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

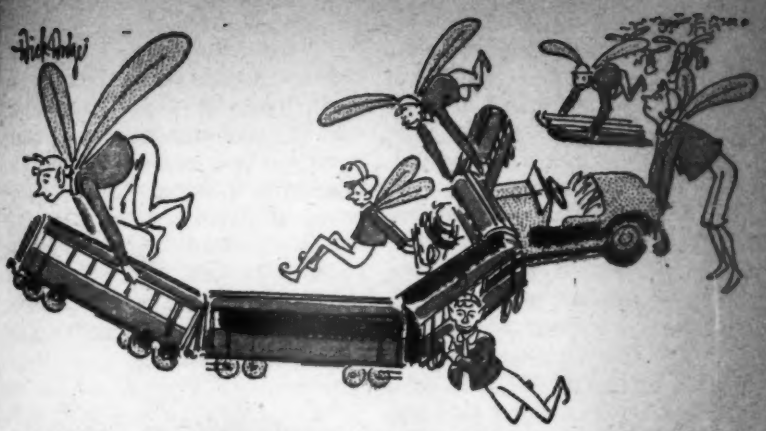
Not believe in SANTA CLAUS! You might as well not believe in

fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch SANTA CLAUS, but even if they did not see SANTA CLAUS coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees SANTA CLAUS, but that is no sign that there is no SANTA CLAUS. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, VIRGINIA, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No SANTA CLAUS! Thank GOD! he lives and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, VIRGINIA, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

"The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see."



THE LATEST NEWS ABOUT THE THREE WISHES

By RUPERT HUGHES

In order for Albert to receive a gift from the King of the fairies, he had to be good for three weeks in a row — and that's a pretty long time

This story is reprinted from the February, 1899, issue of "St. Nicholas Magazine," copyright, Century Co. Reproduced by permission of Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc.

AS every one knows, young folks that never do what they should not do, and never leave undone what they ought to do, run a great risk of meeting some day a good fairy who will say, in a musical voice:

"Thomas" (or "Richard" or "Henry," as the case may be), "since you have been a good boy, the gracious King of the Fairies has decided to reward you bountifully. Any three wishes you may make will be granted, whatever they are. But be very careful what you choose!"

Now, there was once a lad named Albert Crane. He was related to the King of the fairies by the marriage of a great-uncle, on his mother's side, to the second cousin of an intimate friend of a

passing acquaintance of a young man who had once saved the life of a fairy who was caught in a rain-storm about midnight and could not fly home. If she had stayed out till sunrise she would have died, as you all know; and her wings were so wet that she was having a sorry time of it when this young man picked her gently up by the nape of the neck, and hid her under a candle-snuffer till the next night, thus saving her from the fatal glance of the sun. And this is a thing you must all do when you find a fairy in distress; for fairies are like the unfixed proofs of a photograph: they fade into nothing under the glare of the sun.

Well, then, since this young man had befriended the fairy, the fairy King was eager to show his gratitude in any way and every way possible, even to relatives as far removed as the eye could reach. He was very anxious, for this reason, to grant the three wishes to Albert Crane. But Albert was such a mischievous little fellow that it seemed he would never be able to express his gratitude in that direction. The lowest average of good behavior on which the diploma of the three wishes will be granted is three weeks. (No wonder so few young people ever get the wishes!) Albert Crane seemed the most hopeless of all. He was so far from being able to stay good three weeks in succession that nothing could trap him into being good even one day in succession. There is no need of telling you all the mischievous things he did, because, if you have not already done them all yourself before, you might learn something new.

"You are the worst boy that ever lived!"

But just as the fairy King was giving up in despair, Albert fell sick, and was kept in bed for a whole month. He was too weak to carry out any mischief, or even to plan it; and the fairy King jumped at the chance to relieve himself of the debt he thought he owed to Albert's mother's uncle's second cousin's intimate friend's passing acquaintance's young man.

So one day, — the first day Albert was strong enough to go out into the woods alone, and before

he could rob any birds' nests or do anything else wrongful, — he was surprised beyond expression to see standing before him a beautiful girl with long brown hair and bright blue eyes, and a wand with a star on it. And on her shoulders grew beautiful butterfly wings that must have cost $3.99 at Browny & Pixie's bargain-counter. Albert recognized her at once from her resemblance to the fairies in the picture-books; and for the first time he saw how true all such pictures are.

Before Albert could make up his mind to do what he usually did when he met pretty girls, — pull their hair till the tears came, — the fairy spoke to him, and said the words quoted above, except that in the printed blank the King had given her was written the name Albert instead of Tom, Dick, or Harry.

When Albert heard the fairy's little speech, which she delivered like a Friday afternoon recitation, — only she forgot the curtsy at the end, — he was too much amazed for a moment to say a word. His memory ran back over all the similar experiences of youngsters who had been accosted by fairies for some good deed. He had never expected any such experience himself, and was not prepared with an immediate answer; but he remembered the fates of several of the children to whom the gift of three wishes had been given.

Some of the boys asked, first, for all the candy they could eat; second, for all the red circus lemonade they could drink; and third, for all the baseball runs they could score. Albert never forgot the fate of these poor wretches — the terrible stomach aches the candy gave them, how sick they grew of lemonade, and how their baseball games lasted so long they could never go home to dinner or to bed. Because, of course, the three wishes they wished were fulfilled to the last degree, and they had no extra wish to save them from the penalty of the first three. Albert had read of other boys, who, unlike him, had always enjoyed Sunday school, and never stole a ride on a wagon or threw a rock through a street lamp. They always wished, first, for virtue; second, for wisdom; and third, for a chance to do good in the world. But these things did not appeal to Albert at all, for he was a little imp. His father called him a limb, though he never specified whether he was a hickory limb or a limb of "slippery- ellum."

Albert was very much puzzled over his wishes. He wanted so many things at once that his brain went into a whirl. He felt as if he had been tied in a merry-go-round

for weeks. The whole world was one great merry-go-round to him.

The fairy stood and watched the boy till she remembered an appointment she had in China, a few minutes later, to carry the three wishes to a little pigtail, who would probably wish, first, for as many fire-crackers as he could set off; and last (and least), for good luck with his lessons.

Then the fairy spoke as sharply as a streetcar conductor saying "Step lively, there!" and brought Albert to his senses in a moment. Now, Albert was a lawyer's son, and a happy thought struck him. Instead of choosing any three wishes out of the thousand things a boy of his age could wish, he suddenly said, with a bluntness that took the fairy's breath away:

"If I choose one wish only, will you make me three times as sure of getting it?"

The fairy was too much startled to understand what this strange request might mean, and before she thought she accepted:

"Yes, if you wish."

"You promise" persisted Albert.

"I promise," said the fairy.

"Well, then," said Albert, with the slowness of a judge, "I make this one wish: that every wish I make in all the rest of my life shall be granted."

This was something the fairy had not expected. She had never heard of such a thing, and it almost scared her to death to think what she had done. It would have scared her to death, if there were any death for fairies.

"I shall have to see the King," she cried; and before Albert could grab her by her back hair she had disappeared. Then Albert stood nonplussed for a moment, and wished he had not been so greedy. It made him sicker than he had been all the month before, and he felt very much like lying down and crying his eyes out. In fact, he had just decided that would be a good thing to do, when there was a buzz and a whizz and a flash, and there stood the King of the fairies himself.

Albert dropped down on his knees before the bright apparition, and heard the King saying:

"What trick is this you are trying to play on us? You are the worst boy that ever lived! I have been trying for half a year to keep you good long enough to grant you the three wishes, and now you try to play a trick upon me! As a punishment for your presumption, you shall have no wish at all."

But Albert, being a lawyer's son, was not to be put out of countenance so easily, and he said, as if it were the Fourth of July and he were saying, "Give

me liberty, or give me death":

"Your Majesty, whatever my past history may be, you have given your sacred promise, and you cannot break it."

The fairy King blustered and stormed and threatened and pleaded; but Albert was obstinate, and finally the King flew away in a great huff, snapping:

"Keep your old wish, then!"

So Albert went home very triumphant. Finding that he had walked a long way and was a little tired and weak from his illness, he wished for a beautiful Shetland pony; and before he knew how it came, there it was. So he got on its back, and just as he wished it would gallop away, even before he could say "Get up," it galloped. But Albert had never learned to ride before, and he was being jolted into a creamcheese, when he wished that he might be an expert rider. So he was.

His friends refused to play with him.

Remembering that his home was not a very beautiful one, for his father was a poor lawyer, — in both senses of the word, — he wished that he might find his mother and father and brothers and sisters in a beautiful mansion. So he did.

But when he went into this beautiful home he found that the butcher and the baker and the grocer had got tired of having their bills unpaid, and had refused to give his father any more credit so, for all the beautiful house, there was nothing to eat; and much as the family was mystified at the change in their dwelling, they were not too much mystified to be hungry. So Albert simply wished all his father's bills receipted, and a beautiful dinner served in the magnificent dining-room. So everything was done as he wished.

It would take all the rest of your life to tell all the beautiful experiences he had, so if you have anything else to do this year, we'll skip most of it. He got his wisher so well trained that he could wish for so many things at one time that the whole fairy court had to quit all other work and attend to him. On beautiful moonlight nights they were too tired to dance in the woods. Besides, Albert was just as likely to wish in his sleep as when he was

awake. Even more so.

The fine thing about Albert's experience was that it was unlike that of the bad boys who had wished for candy and red lemonade. When they made themselves sick, there was nothing to do but suffer. When Albert over-ate, all he had to do was to wish himself cured. If there was an especially beautiful dinner before him, he wished himself an extra good appetite and digestion till he had finished all there was in sight and was tired of eating.

He wished to have Christmas every day until he got as tired of it as Mr. Howells' little girl grew. Then he wished for Fourth of July every day till that bored him. Then he wished that he might know all his lessons without going to school, until he found that one of the chief pleasures of knowledge is the pleasure of getting it. He wished that all the trees with birds' nests in them would be easy to climb until he saw how much pain he was causing the mother birds, and how many songs he was hushing in the woods by robbing the nests of the eggs which would some day be songsters.

He wished his baseball nine to win all the games by tremendous scores, till he saw how uninteresting it was to be certain of everything.

In fact, in time he came to believe that, after all, life was very good and full of pleasures and opportunities just as it was, and without fairy power to change it. He saw the use of pain, and, understanding this, came to sympathize with the rest of the world, and to be very merciful and very charitable and very thoughtful.

But even this happiness palled on him. He was ashamed to be so different from the other boys, and he felt that he had no friends at all, because he was no fit companion for boys that had to work hard for all the fun they had, as well as all the serious things they accomplished. He saw that his life was merely one continued story of good luck — a mere fairy story; and he felt that he never deserved pleasures, because he had done nothing to earn them.

Besides, the other boys began to let him severely alone. They wouldn't play with him, they wouldn't go to school with him, and they wouldn't even fight with him. It would have been bad enough to be called "teacher's pet"; he couldn't endure being called "fairy's pet."

One day, in his loneliness, he cried, "Plague take the wish! I wish I were without it!"

Suddenly he felt something rip, and in a great fright he gasped, "No; I wish my wish to come

back!" But when he wished for a glass of chocolate ice-cream soda to appear on a tree-stump near by, not a thing happened.

The fairy court stood on their heads with joy when Albert's wish came crashing through a window, and they knew their long service was over.

But Albert was happier still, for he was admitted to a ball game when he said he was no longer a professional wisher. And when he put up his hands to catch a fly, he muffed it and got a bruised finger to boot. And when he went to bat he missed the ball three times. And he was so happy at being a human boy again that he hugged himself; and that evening he ran home crying: "Hooray! hooray! We lost the game!"

KEEP YOUR PLACE

Don't complain about little sister losing your place — make a bookmark that is good-looking and efficient

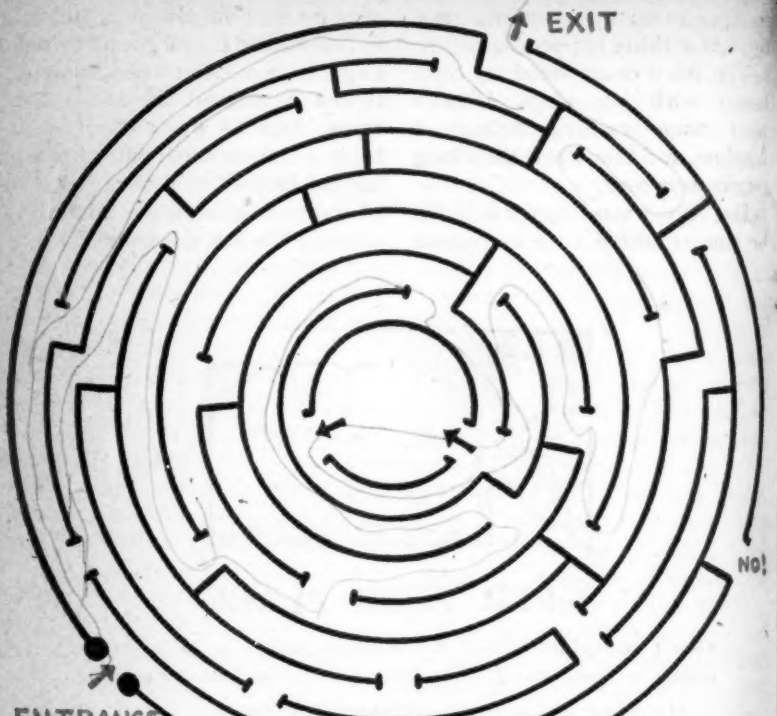
Materials: old envelope, stickers or crayons.

This bookmark, which fits over the corner of a page, is made from a clean corner of a used envelope. Measure 2 inches from a corner, down two sides of the envelope. Connect the two marks. Cut off the triangle. Decorate it with a holiday sticker or draw a picture on it.

You can plan different types of bookmarks for gifts for Christmas, Mother's Day, or birthdays. Draw your line connecting the dots very lightly and then draw a picture. It is all right to let part of it extend below your line. Cut out the picture at the bottom, but don't cut the corner.

From "Make It Yourself!" by Bernice Wells Carlson. Used by permission of Abingdon-Cokesbury Press, Publishers.

FIND THE RIGHT PATH



STARTING at the entrance, follow the paths until you reach the center, which you should enter where the arrow points in. Then, starting at the arrow pointing out of the center, follow the paths until you are out of the maze at the exit. It is wise to make your pencil marks very light, so that you may easily erase when you make a wrong turn. There is only one correct way in and out. After you have solved it, erase the answer so that someone else can try.

From PLAY-A-BED BOOK #2. Copyright 1949, The Seahorse Press, Pelham, N. Y.

Bruce's dream had come true — he owned a horse! But suddenly — on his first ride — something went wrong

"Good fellow!"
Bruce called out.
"Good old Selim. Giddiup!"

THE TRICKY HORSE

By MARY ELTING

"IS IT a *real* horse?" Bruce asked. "You're not joking, are you, Uncle Vin?"

"Honest injun," his uncle answered. "I'm giving you a real horse. A blue horse with a black mane and tail. His name is Selim, and he's out in the corral now."

Bruce leaped down from the gate to the Lazy S ranch house and ran toward the corral. Who ever heard of a blue horse except in a fairy story? But when he peeked through the bars he could hardly believe his eyes. Selim was a blue horse with a black mane and tail. Not sky blue, of course, or deep, bright blue like the Colorado mountains in the evening,

but a kind of soft gray blue, the way overalls look when they have been washed a lot.

"May I ride him?" Bruce asked his uncle.

"Sure!" Uncle Vin laughed and led Selim out of the corral. And then Bruce saw what made the horse look blue. "Once in a while you find them like this," said Uncle Vin. "There are some light gray hairs in his coat and some dark gray hairs, and the way they are all mixed up makes him blue."

Bruce climbed to the top of the saddle. His own saddle on his own horse! Just what he'd been wanting ever since he could remember.

"By the way, Bruce," Uncle Vin said, "I guess I ought to warn you. Selim is full of tricks."

"What kind of tricks?" asked Bruce, and he gripped the reins very tight. Dad wouldn't let him have a horse that might rear up suddenly or shy at prairie dogs and jack rabbits.

"Oh, you couldn't ask for a gentler animal," Uncle Vin chuckled. "He just has his little tricks, that's all."

The next morning before breakfast Bruce watered Selim at the irrigation ditch. Then he curried the sleek blue coat with a curry comb and brushed the black mane and tail. Selim liked to be tidied up. Bruce just couldn't believe he was a tricky horse.

"Mother, may I ride Selim to town?" Bruce asked when he had finished his bacon and eggs.

"Yes, I wish you would," she said. "I wish you would bring me back some cinnamon."

Selim trotted proudly down the road. He had a nice easy gait that would not be tiring. Bruce almost wished the town were more than three miles away. It would be fun to ride on and on across the valley between the high mountains. But they had gone about half way when something happened. Selim's easy trot became uneven.

Bruce looked carefully around the hoof for any cuts or swelling.

The blue horse had gone lame.

Bruce pulled on the reins and slid down into the dusty road. "Up, fellow," he said, tapping Selim's right front foot.

Selim raised his foot and Bruce looked carefully around the hoof to see if a small stone had got caught where it would poke into the flesh. He hunted for a cut and felt to see if there was any swelling. But Bruce could find nothing.

"I'm sorry, old boy," he said, and Selim nuzzled his shoulder.

Bruce climbed back into the saddle from the top of the rail fence. But when Selim started to walk the limp was worse than ever. Bruce felt so sorry that his own leg almost hurt. Pretty soon he felt so unhappy that he couldn't ride any more. So he got off and walked. He kept right on toward town, because he wanted to take Selim to the veterinary.

As they came up in front of the general store a long time later, Bruce heard someone calling him.

"Look, Uncle Vin," he said, "Selim's got something terribly wrong with his right foot. It hurts so much I couldn't ride him."

"Hmm," said Uncle Vin. "Have you been walking long, son?"

"Since the corner of the Lazy S meadow," Bruce answered.

Uncle Vin whistled, then he laughed. "That's too bad, Bruce. I warned you this pesky animal was full of tricks, but I didn't think he'd show them in such a mean way."

And with that he jumped into the saddle, his long legs dangling below the short stirrups. He gave Selim a smart tap on the neck with his hand. And the blue horse trotted off down the street with no sign of a limp. By the time he came back, Bruce had stopped feeling cross.

"Selim's a good horse, Bruce," said Uncle Vin. "And he's smart. But the man I bought him from wasn't very kind to him. Sometimes he worked Selim too long and too hard. Since he's a smart horse, he figured out ways to protect himself. He doesn't know you yet, so he probably wants to make sure you don't overwork him, too."

Dad smiled when he heard the story. "I don't like a tricky horse," he said, "but I guess Selim's all right."

But the next time Selim tried a stunt, Dad changed his mind. It was the day he was riding up Bear Creek to mark trees to be cut for firewood, and he promised that Bruce could go along. He saddled his own horse first, then came over to saddle Selim.

Selim had been watching everything very carefully. And he did what a smart horse can do when he decides not to be saddled. He

just puffed his sides out very fat and held them there while the leather strap was being pulled tight. As soon as Bruce's father stepped back, Selim let all the puff go out of his sides. And this loosened the cinch so that the saddle would slip around if Bruce mounted.

"Hmm," said Bruce's father. He pulled quickly at the cinch again, but Selim was quicker. His sides puffed out again.

"Please, Selim!" Bruce begged. But Selim acted as if he were puzzled about the whole thing. "What'll we do, Dad?" Bruce asked desperately.

"Nothing to do," said Dad, and he sounded very angry. "Nothing but give the animal back. I've no use for a tricky horse."

Bruce felt as if he'd fallen in the river and couldn't get out. Sadly he turned Selim out into the lower pasture.

When it was time to go for the cows, Bruce scuffed along the lane to the upper pasture and began calling them. Just as he was taking down the bars to let the cows into the lane, Selim galloped over the little hill.

"Go away," Bruce said. "Stay in your own field!"

But Selim came and nuzzled his shoulder. Then he trotted to the fence and stood waiting for Bruce to get on his back.

"Go away!" Bruce shouted. "You weren't so anxious for a ride this morning."

Again Selim nuzzled him and went to the fence. Bruce couldn't help laughing. "All right," he said, and climbed on.

But Selim didn't start for home. Instead he set off at a trot into the pasture.

"Go on home!" Bruce cried. But Selim kept right on. In a few minutes he had reached a thick clump of trees and pushed his way through some underbrush. Then he stopped. And Bruce saw Lolly, the old brown cow. She was lying in the brush groaning, and she couldn't get up. Probably she had a broken leg. Selim looked around at Bruce.

"Good fellow!" Bruce said. "Good old Selim. Giddiup!"

Now he knew Dad would give Selim another chance.

"You *will* give him another chance, won't you, Dad," Bruce asked just as soon as he'd told about Lolly.

"Hmm. He's a smart horse," Dad said. "He can have one last chance."

Selim must have heard, for that was his last trick. Sometimes Bruce rather wished the blue horse would play a trick—just for the fun of it. But Selim never did. He trusted Bruce now.

HOW it GOT its NAME
IN 1681, KING CHARLES I GRANTED SOME LAND IN AMERICA TO WILLIAM PENN. ONE DAY, WHILE THE QUAKER WAS DISCUSSING THE NAMING OF THE TERRITORY WITH THE KING'S SECRETARY...
SEE, THE COUNTRY IS HILLY LIKE WALES. PLEASE ASK THE KING TO NAME IT NEW WALES.
OH, NO, MR. PENN. THE NAME OF FAIR WALES SHALL NOT BE GIVEN TO A QUAKER SETTLEMENT.
PERHAPS "SYLVANIA" MEANING FOREST-LAND?
WHEN THE SECRETARY BROUGHT THE SUGGESTION TO KING CHARLES...
SYLVANIA? WE'LL PLAY A JOKE ON THE HUMBLE QUAKER AND CALL IT PENNSYLVANIA!
WHEN PENN HEARD OF IT...
HOW COULD THE KING DO THIS? I MUST SPEAK TO HIM.
IT IS SINFUL TO TAKE THE NAME OF A MORTAL FOR THE QUAKER COLONY! I SHALL BE THOUGHT VAIN.
DO NOT BE ALARMED, MR. PENN! PERHAPS IT IS YOUR FATHER, THE NOBLE ADMIRAL WHOM WE ARE HONORING.
AND SO THE NAME OF THE NEW SETTLEMENT REMAINED PENNSYLVANIA.

This Christmas, you can give a completely new and different gift—one that is sure to make your friends' Christmas the merriest ever.

For how could you give them more joy, more fun, than by making it possible for them to receive one of the very first issues of the new CHILDREN'S DIGEST, the first magazine of its kind for all boys and girls.

New Thrills, More Chuckles, Greater Fun

They'll be as wide-eyed with wonder and excitement about this delightful new magazine as you are. They'll agree that each page unfolds new thrills, more chuckles and greater delights. And best of all, they'll get 10 big gifts in one—because each gift subscription is for 10 wonderful monthly issues.

It costs only $2.50 for each one year gift, if you enter at least two subscriptions for $5. You may enter one year subscriptions for two friends—or if

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT RATES
2-1 year gifts $5
(10 issues each—monthly, except July and August)
Each additional 1 year gift $2.50
Single 1 year gift $3

you prefer, a one year subscription for yourself and one for a friend. If you are wise, you will extend your own subscription now while you can save 50¢ on each one year subscription. Gift subscriptions will be sent directly to the addresses of your friends.

Show this ad to your mother and dad

They'll be pleased to know that THE CHILDREN'S DIGEST is published by the publishers of Parents' Magazine—that the stories and comics are selected by people who know what boys and girls like to read—and that this one magazine will include the best of the current and the classic literature for children.

Gay, colorful gift card

Each friend for whom you enter a gift subscription to THE CHILDREN'S DIGEST will receive a gay card with your name on it. The gift cards will be sent to arrive in time for Christmas.

Enter your subscription and your gifts today

Just fill in the coupon (use an extra sheet of paper if you enter more than two subscriptions) and have mother or dad make out a check or money order for you. Then slip into an envelope, pop it into the mailbox, and you and your friends will be set for gay times at Christmas and all the year through.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE CHILDREN'S DIGEST, INC., Subscription Dep't., Bergenfield, N. J. CD-3

I am enclosing $.....Please enter the following 1 year subscriptions:

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CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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Name of donor.....

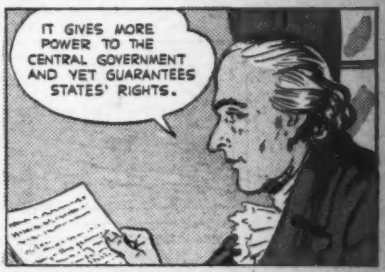
☐ Send Christmas gift cards.

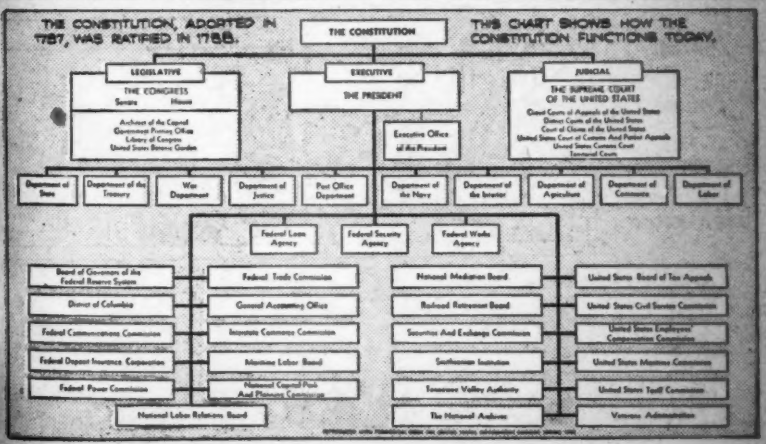
Add 50c a year for foreign postage. Use extra sheet of paper for additional subscriptions.

THE STORY OF AMERICA
CHAPTER THREE 1783-1814
THE INFANT REPUBLIC
1783...
THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE IS OVER! WE ARE A FREE NATION AT LAST!
BUT OUR ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION ARE SO WEAK THAT WE ARE SCARCELY A NATION AT ALL.
THAT'S RIGHT. THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT HAS NO WAY OF RAISING MONEY, ELECTING OFFICIALS, OR ENFORCING ITS LAWS.
WHAT WE NEED IS A STRONG GOVERNMENT.
IT WOULD KEEP ORDER AT HOME AND MAKE US RESPECTED ABROAD.
THE SEPARATE STATES HAD MORE POWER THAN THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT. THERE WAS GREAT RIVALRY AMONG THEM. PENNSYLVANIA AND CONNECTICUT EVEN WENT TO WAR.
GET OFF OUR LAND!
STAY WHERE YOU BELONG!

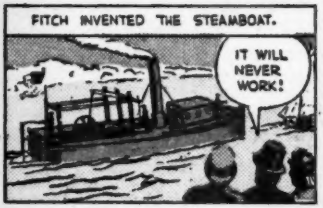
1787—A CONVENTION MET IN PHILADELPHIA TO FIND A WAY TO END THE CONFUSION.
1. EDMUND RANDOLPH 2. GOUVERNEUR MORRIS 3. JOHN LANSING 4. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
5. ALEXANDER HAMILTON 6. NATHANIEL GORHAM 7. SAMUEL ADAMS 8. CHARLES PINCKNEY

I HEAR YOU HAVE A PLAN TO SUBMIT TO THE CONVENTION, MR. RANDOLPH.
YES, MR. MADISON, AND I THINK IT WILL WORK.

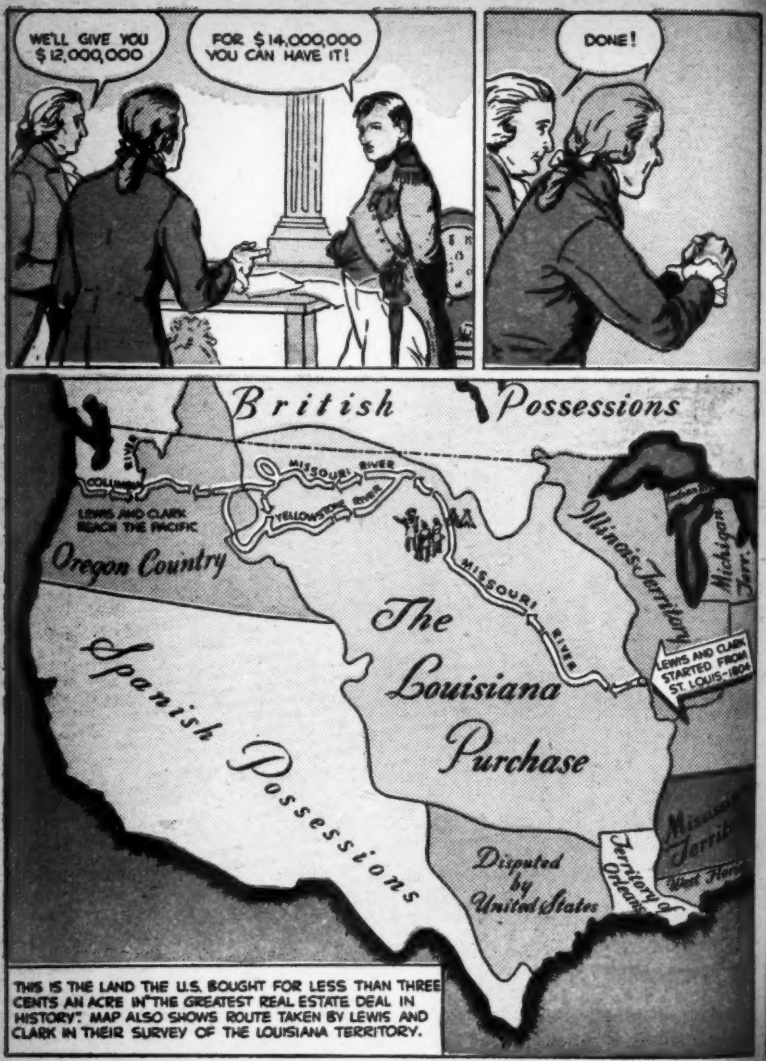

IT GIVES MORE POWER TO THE CENTRAL GOVERNMENT AND YET GUARANTEES STATES' RIGHTS.


THE CONSTITUTION, ADOPTED IN 1787, WAS RATIFIED IN 1788.
THE CONSTITUTION
THIS CHART SHOWS HOW THE CONSTITUTION FUNCTIONS TODAY.
LEGISLATIVE
THE CONGRESS
Senate House
Architect of the Capitol
Government Printing Office
Library of Congress
United States Botanic Garden
EXECUTIVE
THE PRESIDENT
Executive Office of the President
JUDICIAL
THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES
Court of Claims of the United States
Court of Customs and Patent Appeals
United States Customs Court
Territorial Courts
Department of State
Department of the Treasury
War Department
Department of Justice
Post Office Department
Department of the Navy
Department of the Interior
Department of Agriculture
Department of Commerce
Department of Labor
Federal Loan Agency
Federal Security Agency
Federal Works Agency
Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System
District of Columbia
Federal Communications Commission
Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation
Federal Power Commission
National Labor Relations Board
Federal Trade Commission
General Accounting Office
Interstate Commerce Commission
Maritime Labor Board
National Capital Park And Planning Commission
National Mediation Board
Railroad Retirement Board
Securities And Exchange Commission
Smithsonian Institution
Tennessee Valley Authority
The National Archives
United States Board of Tax Appeals
United States Civil Service Commission
United States Employees Compensation Commission
United States Maritime Commission
United States Tariff Commission
Veterans Administration

THE COUNTRY BEGAN ITS GREAT PERIOD OF EXPANSION AND PROSPERITY



BUT ALL WAS NOT CLEAR SAILING.
YOU CAN'T SHIP YOUR GOODS FROM NEW ORLEANS.
FRANCE OWNS THIS PORT AND WE DON'T WANT THE AMERICANS TO USE IT!
BUT WE'RE BOTTLED UP IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY IF WE CAN'T USE THE PORT OF NEW ORLEANS!
IT'S TOO HARD TO SHIP OUR PRODUCTS FROM THE WEST OVER THE ALLEGHENYS TO THE EAST COAST. SOMETHING MUST BE DONE.
SO IN 1803 . . .
GO TO PARIS, MONROE, AND TRY TO BUY NEW ORLEANS FROM NAPOLEON. AMERICA MUST HOLD THE MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI.
YES, PRESIDENT JEFFERSON.
NEW ORLEANS? FOR $20,000,000, I'LL SELL YOU ALL LOUISIANA. NOW THAT I'M FIGHTING ENGLAND, I CANNOT DEFEND IT.
NEARLY A MILLION MILES OF TERRITORY!
IT WILL DOUBLE THE SIZE OF THE UNITED STATES!



THIS IS THE LAND THE U.S. BOUGHT FOR LESS THAN THREE CENTS AN ACRE IN "THE GREATEST REAL ESTATE DEAL IN HISTORY". MAP ALSO SHOWS ROUTE TAKEN BY LEWIS AND CLARK IN THEIR SURVEY OF THE LOUISIANA TERRITORY.

DURING THE WARS BETWEEN FRANCE AND BRITAIN (1793-1815), BOTH SIDES VIOLATED AMERICAN NEUTRALITY. FRANCE TRIED UNSUCCESSFULLY TO MAKE THE AMERICAN ENVOYS PAY FOR PEACE.
MILLIONS FOR DEFENSE, NOT ONE CENT FOR TRIBUTE!
FOR TWO YEARS, THE U.S. WAGED AN UNDECLARED WAR AGAINST FRANCE, CAPTURING OVER 80 OF HER SHIPS.
THERE WAS TROUBLE WITH GREAT BRITAIN, TOO.
THE BRITISH ARE GIVING THE INDIANS GUNS!
WE'LL NEVER BE SAFE HERE IN THE WEST 'TIL WE PUT AN END TO THAT!
AMERICAN SHIPS WERE STOPPED AT SEA.
AHOY! WE'RE COMING ABOARD TO SEARCH FOR BRITISH DESERTERS!
WE'VE GOT TO STOP THIS SEIZURE OF OUR SEAMEN!
THE WAR OF 1812 RESULTED. FOR TWO YEARS, BRITAIN AND THE U.S. FOUGHT ON LAND AND SEA. AMERICA PROVED HER WILL TO FIGHT FOR HER RIGHTS, AND, EVER AFTER, THOSE RIGHTS WERE RESPECTED.
CONTINUE THE "STORY OF AMERICA" IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE. CHAPTER II WILL TELL THE STORY OF AMERICA'S "GROWING PAINS!"

CHRISTMAS 'ROUND

Almost every country celebrates this great holiday — each in its own way. Their customs differ, but they all share the same yuletide spirit

IN THE United States boys and girls look forward to Christmas with more joy than any other holiday. Weeks before, shop windows become animated with clanging miniature trains, walking dolls, cuddly animals and every other conceivable delight. Homes take on an air of deep mystery and everyone seems to be even more cheerful.

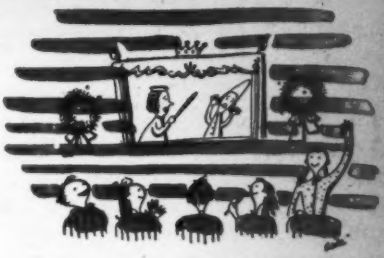
The night before Christmas stockings are hung near gaily decorated evergreen trees in millions of homes and children all over the country dream of the presents which will await them the next morning — thanks to an ever-loving Santa Claus. On Christmas Day there are joyous Church services and visits from relatives and friends. Customary holiday dinners include steaming brown turkeys with chestnut dressing, cranberry sauce and mince pies.

While enjoying your Christmas, with its colorful customs, haven't you ever wondered how boys and girls in other lands are celebrating theirs? As you can see from the illustrations on these pages, it is a holiday — one of the few — which is celebrated almost

Chinese boys and girls make paper chains and flowers and cotton snowflakes to decorate their holiday trees. On the top, the Star of Bethlehem shines just as it does on our trees.

THE WORLD By LOU A. PHILLIPS

The girl on the far right doesn't seem to care that Judy is thrashing Punch — but she's an exception. Most English children love puppet shows at Christmas.



These Dutch children will sleep well the night before Christmas (December sixth in Holland). They know that when St. Nicholas, bringing gifts, arrives at their house he will have straw and water for his horse.

After taking a steam bath, Finnish children chase each other with birch twigs and roll in the snow. All this is to work up a huge appetite for the anticipated Christmas dinner.

A favorite Christmas game in Mexico is a sort of Blind Man's Buff called Pinata. *If the Blind Man finds the* Pinata *and strikes it, he is showered by prizes.*

all over the world. Each country has its own special kind of festivity but most important of all — the true spirit of Christmas is present in every one.

If you were a Dutch boy or girl living in a little village in Holland you would be looking forward to a visit from St. Nicholas, a rollicking little man dressed in red robes trimmed with ermine fur. On Christmas Eve the men in your town would get dressed in various costumes and gather in the public square. A leader would be selected to carry a large illuminated star mounted on a pole. Following this star, just as the Three Wise Men were guided to Bethlehem, a procession would wind its way through the streets singing Christmas carols. As they pass your home the leader would enter. After asking if you had been good during the year he would pour a shower of candy into the room. By the time you had picked up the candy he would be gone. Then you would leave your wooden shoes on a table or in front of the fireplace and go to bed. The next morning the shoes would be filled with gifts from St. Nicholas.

Germany is the original home of the Christmas tree. Hardly a house is without an evergreen lighted with twinkling candles and hung with gifts. Elaborate displays of toy villages and miniature landscapes called *Putz* are usually placed under trees. In-

stead of Santa Claus, the Christ Child, called Kris Kringle, is the popular source of presents. Represented as a sort of combination angel and fairy, he appears on Christmas Eve and after inquiring how the children have behaved, he distributes gifts. In Germany, godfathers are designated as Kris Kringle's helpers and very often boys and girls go to their homes to receive the presents which await them there. Kuchen and cakes top off the joyous evening.

You probably have a candle or wreath in your windows at Christmas time. Lighted candles were first placed in windows in Ireland where people did this on Christmas Eve as a guide and invitation to all, who like Mary and Joseph on the first Christmas Eve, might be wandering about, unable to find quarters for the night. In Ireland, poor people without homes for the night are invited in, given a good meal and a place to sleep and sent on their way the next morning with a bit of money.

Holly wreaths and evergreen boughs as Christmas decorations come from England where they were used to decorate banquet halls of castles in olden days. On Christmas Eve, English boys and girls enjoy their presents before a brightly burning Yule log. A bit of the log is always kept until the next Christmas to help kindle the new one. While it is burning, a huge feast is eaten which is usually concluded with plum pudding. The Boar's head is often given special prominence at many English dinners.

The French Santa Claus, known as Père Noël, is a little more solemn and religious than ours. In many parts of France a youth dressed in white, with a crown set around with many little wax candles, represents the Christ Child. He carries a bell and a basket full of goodies. Accompanying him is another person with a bunch of switches and at the sight of him all the naughty children hide. The Christ Child then asks that they be forgiven and after the children promise they will be better during the coming year they are given gifts and shown the Christmas tree. Another way of giving presents in France is to wrap them in ever so many papers and boxes and mark them with the child's name.

If you were in Denmark you would be looking for a Christmas Brownie called Nisson, a little old man with a long grey beard who lives in the ground. The chief features of a Danish Christmas dinner are roast goose, rice and apple fritters. A long time before Christmas, in autumn when the

storks leave their nests, Danish boys and girls are given little brown piggy banks in which to drop their pennies. These are broken at Christmas time and the money is used to buy special Christmas candles.

In Finland, Father Christmas distributes gifts. Everyone receives presents; even the dog is given a large package, wrapped like the rest, containing a large piece of meat. Afterwards the children prepare to go to bed on the straw-covered floor in memory of the Christ Child who was born in a manger.

In South America and other countries in the southern hemisphere there is one rather strange thing about Christmas. It always comes in the summertime as the seasons are opposite to those in the northern hemisphere. In Australia, Christmas is celebrated by picnics and trips in the open.

As you can see, it has taken many widely scattered peoples from many lands to make Christmas the joyous holiday it is today. In Brittany there is a saying that Christmas Eve is so holy that all sufferings cease for a time and a wave of happiness comes over the whole world. Even our American Indians thought that on Christmas Eve the deer in the forests kneeled and looked up to the Great Spirit.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946, of CHILDREN'S DIGEST, published monthly, 10 times a year, at Concord, N. H., for October 1st, 1950.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George J. Hecht, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of CHILDREN'S DIGEST and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George J. Hecht, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Jerry Tax, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., N. Y.; Managing Editor, Harold Schwartz, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., N. Y.; Business Manager, G. Theodore Zignone, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Parents' Institute, Inc., 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y., whose stockholders owning 1% or more of total stock and bonds are: George J. Hecht, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Freda E. Hecht, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George M. Hecht, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Susan Hecht, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Hecht & Company, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Mr. Herbert H. Lehman, c/o Lehman Brothers, 1 William Street, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are same as above.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company, as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiants' full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

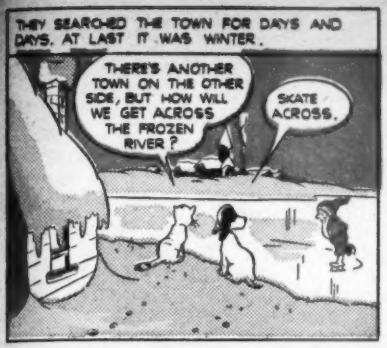
(Signed) GEORGE J. HECHT,
Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1950.

(Seal) Ruth Jarvis.
(My commission expires March 30, 1951.)

"WHY DO CATS AND DOGS ALWAYS FIGHT?" THAT'S WHAT THE TWO MICE CHILDREN ASKED THEIR MOTHER. SO SHE TOLD THEM A MAKE-BELIEVE STORY OF
THE LOST CHARM
WERE THE CAT AND DOG ALWAYS ENEMIES?
NO, DEAR. A LONG TIME AGO, WHEN YOUR GREAT-GRANDFATHER WILBUR WAS YOUNG, A CAT AND DOG WERE FRIENDS.
THEIR OWNER, MASTER SMITH, WAS A RICH AND KINDLY INNKEEPER, SO THE TWO FRIENDS HAD PLENTY TO EAT.
MASTER SMITH'S INN

MASTER SMITH WAS RICH BECAUSE THE MAGIC CHARM IN HIS WINE PITCHER KEPT THE PITCHER ALWAYS FULL OF WINE.
BUT ONE DAY, HE ACCIDENTALLY POURED THE CHARM INTO A CUSTOMER'S GLASS.
HOW IS IT THAT THE PITCHER IS ALWAYS FULL, MASTER SMITH?
THAT IS MY SECRET, SIR!
LATER, AFTER THE CUSTOMER HAD GONE...
MY PITCHER IS EMPTY! I'VE LOST THE MAGIC CHARM!
BOO, HOO! WITHOUT MY MAGIC CHARM, I SHALL BE POOR INDEED!
DID YOU HEAR THAT?
I DID. WE HAD BETTER FIND THAT CHARM, OR OUR MASTER WILL BE TOO POOR TO FEED US!
BUT WHERE SHALL WE BEGIN TO LOOK?
IN ALL THE HOUSES IN TOWN.
THEY LOOKED HIGH, THEY LOOKED LOW. BUT...
WE CANNOT FIND THE CHARM. WHAT SHALL WE DO?
KEEP SEARCHING.


THEY SEARCHED THE TOWN FOR DAYS AND DAYS. AT LAST IT WAS WINTER.
THERE'S ANOTHER TOWN ON THE OTHER SIDE, BUT HOW WILL WE GET ACROSS THE FROZEN RIVER?
SKATE ACROSS.

IS THIS SKATING?
NOT EXACTLY, BUT WE'RE GETTING THERE.

THEY SEARCHED IN THE NEW TOWN UNTIL...
MISTER DOG, COME QUICKLY! I SMELL THE CHARM IN THIS CELLAR.
HOORAY! OUR SEARCH IS ENDED!

LET'S TAKE IT TO OUR MASTER RIGHT AWAY.
WE CAN'T! IT'S IN THIS CHEST, AND I CAN'T REACH IT THROUGH THIS HOLE!

WHAT CAN WE DO?
I'M GOING TO THE KING OF THE MICE. HE'LL LEND ME A MOUSE TO GET THE CHARM OUT OF THE CHEST.

AND THE CAT WENT TO SEE THE KING OF THE MICE.
YOUR MAJESTY, THE CAT IS PAYING US A VISIT.
CALL OUT THE GUARD!

YOUR MAJESTY, IF YOU WILL LEND ME ONE OF YOUR MICE, I WILL PROMISE NOT TO HARM A SINGLE MOUSE FOR FIVE YEARS.
GRANTED! WILBUR, MY PAGE BOY, WILL GO WITH YOU.
AND THAT'S HOW GREAT-GRANDFATHER WILBUR WAS SELECTED TO GO WITH THE CAT TO GET THE CHARM OUT OF THE CHEST.
BRAVO! YOU ARE A CLEVER LITTLE MOUSE.
IT WAS NOTHING.
FIRST WE GO BACK ACROSS THE RIVER. AND, THEN WE RETURN THE CHARM TO OUR POOR MASTER.
BUT THE ICE IN THE RIVER HAD SUDDENLY MELTED!
HOW CAN I GET ACROSS? I HATE WATER.
HOLD THE CHARM IN YOUR MOUTH AND RIDE ON MY BACK WHILE I SWIM ACROSS.
BUT REMEMBER, DON'T OPEN YOUR MOUTH TILL WE GET TO THE OTHER SIDE.
SPLASH

JUST AS THEY WERE GETTING CLOSE TO HOME...
LOOK AT THE CAT RIDING ON THE DOG! HA, HA!
THAT'S FUNNY! HA, HA!
PAY NO ATTENTION TO THEM.
HMPH! HMPH!
HA! HA! HA! I GUESS WE DO LOOK FUNNY.
YOU DROPPED THE CHARM! WE'LL DIVE FOR IT.
SPLASH!
OW! TAKE YOUR CLAWS OUT OF MY BACK.
YOU DIVE FOR THE CHARM.
THE DOG DIVED AND DIVED, BUT HE COULDN'T FIND THE CHARM. HE WAS SO ANGRY...
I'LL CHASE YOU TILL I CATCH YOU.
BUT THE DOG NEVER CAUGHT THE CAT.
FFT!
FFT!
BOW!
WOW!
G-R-R-R!
AND EVER SINCE, MOST DOGS HAVE CHASED CATS.
THAT WAS A FINE STORY, MOM. GOOD NIGHT!

Answers to Puzzles

A QUIZ ON DOGS—*from page 11*

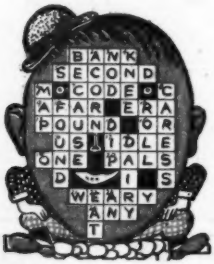
1–C 2–B 3–A 4–A 5–C 6–B 7–C 8–C

WORD PUZZLE—*from page 72*

The poem you should have spelled out is by Robert Louis Stevenson and is called "Happy Thought."

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

HUMPTY DUMPTY—*from page 78*



TRY THIS ON DAD—*from page 130*

Mr. Jones' friend was a lady — not a man — and her name was Anne.

FULL UP

Hostess: Won't you have some more?
Small Boy: No, thank you, I'm full.
Hostess: Then put some candy in your pockets to eat on the way home.
Small Boy: No, thank you, they're full, too.

SHERIFF BOB DIXON'S TALLY BOOK

Have you ever seen the "Chuck Wagon"? That's Sheriff Bob's TV show on CBS every day except Saturday

HELLO, deputies. Last time we got together we talked about the cowboy's neckerchief and its many uses. We also said we'd tell about other things the cowboy wears and uses. Well, the cowboy's hat is just as versatile as his neckerchief.

The cowboy didn't always wear the wide-brimmed, tall-crowned hat he now does. Back in the early days, before the French and Indian war, he wore a coon skin. The pelt of the coon was just the size of a man's head, except for a small piece of the fur which remained and was left to dangle down behind. This formed the familiar tail of the coonskin hat. When the first men started moving west they took along their coonskin hats.

But these hats had certain disadvantages out west. They were too hot in the summer; if you left one around where the dogs could get at it, they were chewed up; furthermore, the moths could get into the fur and eat it full of holes. The only advantage seemed to be the tail: it could be used to swat flies. But this was not enough to make up for the many disadvantages.

The coonskin hat finally gave way to one made out of rawhide. To make this hat a man dug a hole in the ground just the size of his head. Then he took a big piece of wet rawhide, and, using the

The cowboy's hat is good protection from the rain. It sheds water.

When forced to sleep outdoors, the cowboy can use the hat as a pillow.

The cowboy DOES NOT fill his hat with water. He uses the brim as a dipper.

hole as a mold, worked the rawhide into shape. The next step was to pack wet grass in on top of the rawhide, pressing the grass in tightly. The rawhide was then left to dry and stiffen in the sun. When it was removed from the hole, it was stiff enough to wear; but it didn't fit too well and it couldn't take much punishment.

It took an easterner to make the first western felt-hat — the hat we know today as the "ten-gallon." This young fellow was told to go out west for his health, and while riding the plains, the dust and sun gave him an idea for a western hat. When he returned to Philadelphia he "felted" the fur of the beaver and created a hat he called "The Boss of The Plains." His father, a hat manufacturer, was so impressed with the idea that he turned his entire factory over to the making of the new hat. This young easterner who made the first western hat was J. B. Stetson.

The western hat became known as a "ten-gallon," which doesn't mean — as everyone thinks it does — that the hat can hold ten gallons of liquid. The Mexicans called the band around their sombrero a "gallon" — which means "brave" in Spanish — and this band was made up of ten braids or strands, hence the name, "ten-gallon," which has stuck.

When the west was expanding you could tell what section a man came from by the way he wore his hat. The southwest featured big brims, nice and wide to keep the sun off a man's face and neck. The Indians of the western plains wore hard flat brims, with undented crowns. This model was known as a "Tommy Grimes." The northwest went in for flat, hard brims, with the crown dented in four equal parts, similar to those now worn by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

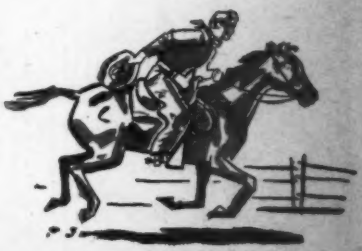
Most cowboys today wear a hat with a curled brim and a pinched crown. The brim is not curled for style alone. By curling the brim and bringing it to a point in front, the hat becomes streamlined and it can cut the air when the cowboy is riding. This streamlining also helps keep the hat on his head.

Sometimes you see a cowboy with the front of his hat brim pinned flat up against the crown. This is not done for a comic effect. Often, a hat becomes floppy when it gets old. If the cowboy is out working and the brim should fall down over his eyes a serious accident could result.

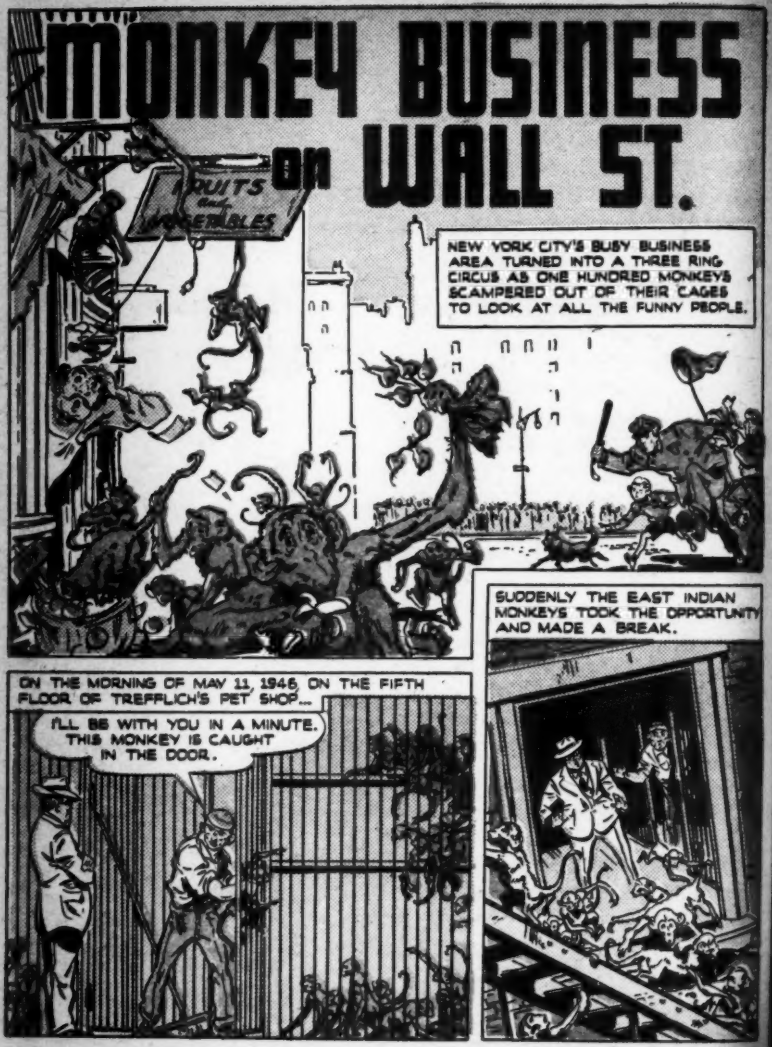
Many important men in public life still wear the western hat with their business suits. President Truman, for example, wears a western pinch-front.

With the crown pushed in, the cowboy hat makes an efficient feedbag.

The wide brim serves as a good fan to stir up the sparks in a campfire.



The cowboy's horse will respond to the flapping of a hat against its side.


MONKEY BUSINESS on WALL ST.
FRUITS and VEGETABLES
NEW YORK CITY'S BUSY BUSINESS AREA TURNED INTO A THREE RING CIRCUS AS ONE HUNDRED MONKEYS SCAMPERED OUT OF THEIR CAGES TO LOOK AT ALL THE FUNNY PEOPLE.
SUDDENLY THE EAST INDIAN MONKEYS TOOK THE OPPORTUNITY AND MADE A BREAK.
ON THE MORNING OF MAY 11, 1946 ON THE FIFTH FLOOR OF TREFFLICH'S PET SHOP...
I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE. THIS MONKEY IS CAUGHT IN THE DOOR.

TAKING THE FIRE ESCAPE ROUTE, THE MONKEYS SCURRIED IN ALL DIRECTIONS IN THE NEW YORK DISTRICT NEAR WALL STREET. IN A GROCERY STORE STOCK ROOM...
MONKEYS! WHAT'S THIS?
AT THE TRINITY MISSION HOUSE ON FULTON STREET, DURING CHOIR PRACTICE...
REAL MONKEYS!
WHERE ARE THEY COMING FROM?
AT THE CEMETERY OF ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH...
USE THE NET ON THESE TWO HERE.
PREPARATIONS WERE BEING MADE FOR A WEDDING PARTY AT A RESTAURANT WHEN...
BE CAREFUL, THEY MIGHT BITE!
WHAT'LL I DO WITH HIM?
BY THIS TIME, OTHER MONKEYS HAD DISCOVERED THAT NEARBY BUILDINGS WERE AS MUCH FUN AS TREES.

MANY WERE EASILY RECAPTURED, WHILE OTHERS WERE STUBBORN. ALL NEXT DAY, MAY 12, A FEW MONKEYS RESISTED CAPTURE.
JUST MISSED THEM!
FINALLY, EARLY THE FOLLOWING DAY...
YOU'RE CAUGHT, YOU RASCALS.
THEY'VE BEEN SCAMPERING AROUND FOR TWO DAYS.
THE LAST HOLDOUT PLAYED CAGEY...
HERE MONKEY, MONKEY—COME ALONG NOW.
OWW! YOU IMP! BUT YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY.
ARE THEY ALL BACK?
YES, BUT WHAT A HEADACHE THEY'VE BEEN! AND NOW AFTER ALL THIS I'VE BEEN SUMMONED TO COURT, TOO.
BUT THE COURT WAS CONVINCED THAT MONKEYS ARE DIFFICULT LITTLE ANIMALS TO MANAGE AND DISMISSED THE CHARGE OF NEGLIGENCE.

THE FOUR PEAS

The three proud peas were so big and pushing that the tiny fourth one had barely room to grow

By ROSE FYLEMAN

If you like this story, you might read "Forty Good-Night Tales," or "A Princess Comes To Our Town" by the same author. This story is from "Forty Good-Morning Tales," published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.

FOUR PEAS once lived in a pod. Three of them were strong, bold fellows, the fourth was rather meek and retiring.

The three strong ones grew bigger and bigger; they swelled with pride and importance, so that the pod bulged almost to bursting.

So big and pushing were they that the fourth one had barely room to grow. He did his best to keep quietly going, but he found it a hard job.

"We are so fine," said his brothers, "we shall probably be served up on a king's table. There are surely no other peas in the world so beautiful as we are." The fourth little pea said nothing. He didn't particularly like the idea of being served up on *anybody's* table.

One day a caterpillar who was crawling about the plant came upon the pod in which the four peas lived.

"Ho, ho," he said, "there seems to be some fine fat peas in that pod," and he made a little hole and looked in, and when he saw the three fat peas he decided to settle down and have a good feast.

He began with the biggest one, nearest the end, and he ate his way right through all three of the big ones. But just as he got to the small one at the other end, the pea-pod was picked with a whole lot more and sent to market.

It travelled a long, long way.

The little pea wondered very much what would be the end of him. Presently the pea-pod, in company with many others, found itself lying on a stall in a busy London street, and in less than an hour it was bought, together with others, by a lady and carried home in a basket. As soon as the lady got home she sat down in the sun in her little back garden and started shelling her peas. The little pea felt very nervous as he heard her cracking open the pods. "Soon I *shall* be on somebody's table after all," he thought.

The lady's little boy stood watching her.

"Oh," said his mother, as she burst open the pod in which the four peas lived, "oh, what a pity! Such a big caterpillar in this one. I must throw these away."

Her little boy came nearer to look. "One of them's quite good," he said. "May I have it? I will plant it in my garden and next year we shall have a lovely pea plant."

"You will have to keep it some time," said his mother. "You can't plant it until it is dry."

So the pea was put away in a little box, and when the time came, the little boy's father showed him where to plant it, with a stick to mark the place.

How happy the little pea was in the springtime, when he was able to send forth a lovely green plant.

"This is better than being eaten by a king," he said. And so indeed it was.

TRY THIS ON DAD

Mr. Jones one day got off the train in Chicago and while passing through the station met a friend he had not seen in years. With his friend was a little girl.

"Well, I certainly am glad to see you," said Mr. Jones. "Same here," said his friend. "Since I last saw you I've been married — to someone you never knew. This is my little girl."

"I'm glad to meet you," said Mr. Jones. "What's your name?"

"It's the same as my mother's," answered the little girl.

"Oh, then your name is Anne," said Mr. Jones.

How did he know?

Answer on page 122

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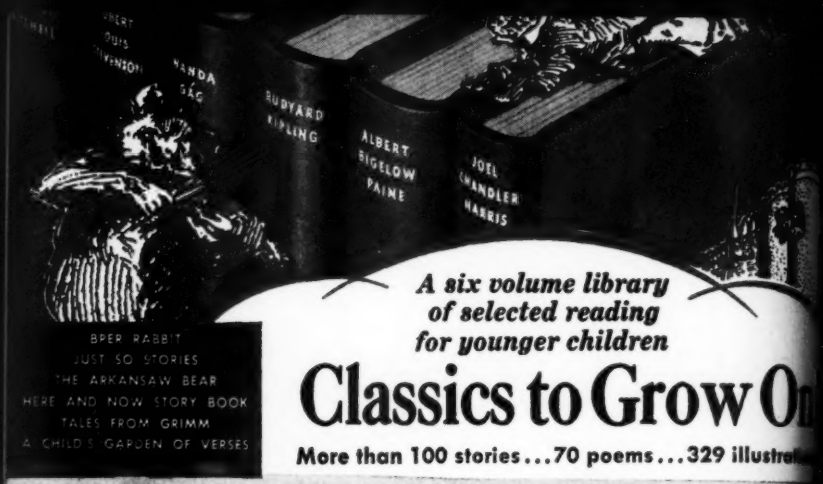

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